

# **THE COMPLETE CRUMB**

## **VOLUME 17**

**THE LATE 1980S:  
CAVE WIMP  
MODE O'DAY, ALINE 'N' BOB  
& OTHER STORIES, COVERS, DRAWINGS**

**FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS**

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Miscellaneous notes: This volume focuses on the years 1988 through 19  
Crumb comic book series *HUP* (which would chronologically fall  
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c Reynolds

Paul Baresh

by R. Crumb

th & Kim Thompson

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# INTRODUCTION

IN THE LATE 1980S I WAS STILL INVOLVED IN *WEIRDO* MAGAZINE, A VENTURE WHICH LASTED 28 ISSUES, FROM SPRING '81 TO SUMMER '93, WAS STILL CONTRIBUTING TO *ZAP COMIX*, WHICH SEEMS TO LIVE ON AND ON, WITH THE SAME GANG OF AGING ARTISTS, MINUS THE ONE WHO DIED (RICK GRIFFIN) AND WAS REPLACED (PAUL MAVRIDES), THOUGH IT APPEARS ONLY INFREQUENTLY (LIKE ONCE EVERY FEW YEARS), AND, IN 1987, I HAD BEGUN A NEW TITLE, *HUP*. I'D DECIDED TO RETURN TO MAKING COMICS THAT WERE COMPLETELY MY OWN WORK. NONE OF THE CONTENTS OF THE FOUR ISSUES OF *HUP* WILL BE REPRINTED IN *THE COMPLETE CRUMB* SERIES, AS THE PUBLISHERS HAVE DECIDED TO MAKE A SEPARATE BOOK OF ALL OF THEM.

THIS VOLUME CONTAINS WHAT, IN MY HUMBLE OPINION, ARE TWO OF THE BEST CONCEIVED, MOST COMPLEX STORIES I EVER DREW; *CAVE WIMP* AND *THE LAST MODE O'DAY*. COMPOSING PLOT LINES FOR STORIES WAS NEVER ONE OF MY STRONG POINTS. I ALWAYS PREFERRED TO MORE OR LESS MAKE IT UP AS I WENT ALONG AND LET IT RESOLVE ITSELF AT THE END. THESE TWO STORIES ARE MORE TIGHTLY PLOTTED AND "LAYERED" THAN I HAD BEEN CAPABLE OF BEFORE (OR POSSIBLY SINCE). THERE'S A REASON WHY THIS HAPPENED AT THAT PARTICULAR TIME, WHY I SUDDENLY ACQUIRED THIS HIGHER LEVEL OF STORY-TELLING SKILL. IT WAS NOT SOMETHING I INTENTIONALLY SET OUT TO DO. I WAS PUSHED INTO IT BY CIRCUMSTANCES THAT I ALLOWED TO CARRY ME ALONG, AS USUAL.

IT WAS ALL ON ACCOUNT OF I STARTED HANGING OUT AT THE O'FARRELL THEATRE IN SAN FRANCISCO, ONE OF THE CITY'S MORE NOTORIOUS PORN/STRIP JOINTS, BUT DIFFERENT FROM MOST SUCH PLACES IN THAT IT WAS NOT OWNED BY MAFIOSO THUGS. THE O'FARRELL WAS OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE MITCHELL BROTHERS, JIM AND ARTIE, PORN ENTREPRENEURS WITH HIPSTER-BOHEMIAN OVERTONES GOING BACK TO THE IDEALISTIC DAYS OF THE "SEXUAL REVOLUTION" OF THE 'SIXTIES, A TIME WHEN THE SEX INDUSTRY AND THE "COUNTER CULTURE" SORT OF MET AT THE CROSSROADS. BACK THEN I KNEW MANY YOUNG WOMEN FROM "GOOD" BACKGROUNDS WHO WORKED FOR A TIME AS MODELS FOR SOFT-AND-HARDCORE SEX MAGAZINES, AS TOPLESS DANCERS, STRIPPERS, "ESCORTS", MASSEUSES, EVEN AS OUT-AND-OUT PROSTITUTES. IT WAS A WAY TO MAKE A LIVING THAT WAS ACCEPTABLE IN THE "YOUTH CULTURE", EXCEPT BY SOME—BUT NOT ALL—FEMINISTS.

WHAT WAS I DOING HANGING AROUND AT THE O'FARRELL THEATRE, YOU MIGHT ASK. YES, THERE WERE BEAUTIFUL, SEXY WOMEN, BUT WATCHING THEM DO THEIR STAGE ACTS HONESTLY DIDN'T WORK FOR ME. ACTUALLY, FOR ME THEIR ROUTINES WERE DISTURBING, TROUBLING, BRINGING INTO VIVID FOCUS THE GROTESQUE ABSURDITY OF HUMAN SEXUALITY. I COULDN'T IMAGINE HOW ANYONE COULD BE AROUSED BY THE GYRATIONS THOSE WOMEN WENT THROUGH ON STAGE, OR THE LAP DANCING, OR ANY OF IT. STILL, I WAS FASCINATED BY THE WHOLE

SCENE THERE.

THE MITCHELL BROTHERS WERE CONSTANTLY INVOLVED IN LEGAL AND POLITICAL BATTLES WITH THE CITY GOVERNMENT AND THE POLICE DEPARTMENT, WHO WERE ALWAYS TRYING TO SHUT THEM DOWN FOR ONE REASON OR ANOTHER. JIM MITCHELL WOULD GO ON AND ON ABOUT THE ROTTEN HYPOCRITES WHO RAN THE TOWN. HE WAS VERY WORLDLY WISE, SEEMED TO KNOW HOW EVERYTHING WORKED BEHIND THE SCENES, A SAVVY, ARTICULATE LITTLE SMART-ASS, AND PRETTY ADEPT AT FIGHTING CITY HALL. ARTIE WAS THE MADMAN OF THE TWO BROTHERS, HYPER-ACTIVE, WITH A TEXTBOOK CASE OF "SATYRIASIS." HE TOOK A PASSIONATE INTEREST IN THE GIRLS, IN THE HIRING PROCESS, AND SPENT A LOT OF TIME RELATING TO THEM. AMAZINGLY, THEY MOSTLY SEEMED TO LIKE ARTIE. HE PROBABLY DID HAVE SEX WITH A LOT OF THEM. THEY SEEMED TO ACCEPT HIS LASCIVIOUS ATTENTIONS AS PART OF THE JOB.

MY INVOLVEMENT WITH THEM BEGAN WHEN THEY CALLED ME UP ON THE 'PHONE ONE DAY AND ASKED IF I'D DO SOME ARTWORK FOR ONE OF THEIR CAUSES. THEY INVITED ME TO COME DOWN TO THE THEATRE AND MEET WITH THEM, AND OF COURSE I COULD HAVE THE RUN OF THE PLACE. I WASN'T THE ONLY ONE SEDUCED IN THIS WAY. THEY ENLISTED THE HELP OF MANY OF THE LOCAL CARTOONISTS, JOURNALISTS, AND LAWYERS WHO COULDN'T RESIST THE SORDID LURE OF THE O'FARRELL THEATRE. PLUS, THE MITCHELLS WERE VERY APPRECIATIVE AND VERY GENEROUS. THEY PAID WELL WITH CASH ON THE LINE. THEY'D TAKE YOU RIGHT TO THE BIG IRON SAFE, OPEN IT IN FRONT OF YOU, PULL OUT BUNDLES OF TWENTIES AND HAND THEM TO YOU WITHOUT BOTHERING TO COUNT THE BILLS. BOY, THAT WAS A GREAT WAY TO GET PAID! NO FUSS, NO MUSS!

AS A RESULT OF THESE ENTICEMENTS, THERE WERE ALWAYS A LOT OF COLORFUL CHARACTERS SITTING AROUND IN THE BIG UPSTAIRS FRONT OFFICE OF THE THEATRE. THE WOMEN'S DRESSING ROOMS WERE IN THE BACK, ACROSS THE HALL. SCANTILY CLAD, EVEN NAKED, FEMALES WITH BEAUTIFUL BODIES COULD BE SEEN TRAIPSING AROUND ALL OVER THE PLACE. CARTOONISTS, NEWSPAPERMEN, LAWYERS AND OTHER DUBIOUS TYPES HUNG OUT DRINKING BEER, SMOKING POT, SNORTING COKE AT ALL HOURS, SHOOTING THE SHIT. A LARGE PROPORTION OF THESE MEN WERE OF IRISH EXTRACTION—IT WAS SOME KINDA IRISH MAFIA. THE CARTOONIST DAN O'NEILL WAS THERE OFTEN, AS WERE THE JOURNALISTS/Writers BOB CALLAHAN, WARREN HINKLE AND HUNTER S. THOMPSON. IT WAS THEIR KINDA SCENE. MY BUDDY "SPAIN" LIKED TO FREQUENT THE PLACE. HE WOULD MAKE DRAWINGS OF THE WOMEN—THE TOULOUSE LAUTREC OF 1970S-'80S SAN FRANCISCO. MY OLD PAL TERRY ZWIGOFF AND I WOULD SOMETIMES VENTURE IN THERE TOGETHER TO SOAK UP THE ATMOSPHERE.

ONE DAY CIRCA 1987 THE MITCHELL BROTHERS PROPOSED TO ME AND TERRY THAT WE PUT TOGETHER A FILMSCRIPT BASED ON MY *WHITEMAN MEETS BIGFOOT* STORY FROM 1971. THEY SAID THEY'D PUT UP FIVE MILLION DOLLARS TO PRODUCE IT AS AN X-RATED FULL-LENGTH FEATURE WITH LIVE ACTORS, WITH TERRY AS DIRECTOR. THEY TALKED BIG, SEEMED COMPLETELY CONFIDENT. TERRY WAS ALL JAZZED UP ABOUT THIS IDEA, AS





MODEL DRAWING FOR "SASSY", 1987

HE WAS JUST THEN TRYING TO GET HIS BIG CAREER AS A MOVIE DIRECTOR OFF THE GROUND. MY MAIN INTEREST, FOOLISH CREATURE THAT I AM, WAS IN THE CASTING SEARCH FOR A GIANT GIRL TO PLAY THE ROLE OF THE FEMALE SASQUATCH CHARACTER. YEAH, I'M HOPELESS. AND SO I SET TO WORK. I DID SOME MODEL DRAWINGS OF BIG, SEXY (IN MY EYES), FURRY FEMALES, AND STARTED WRITING THE SCRIPT.

I HADN'T A CLUE ABOUT WRITING A FILMSCRIPT. IT WAS ALL NEW TO ME. I CHURNED OUT PAGES AND PAGES OF DIALOGUE, LENGTHY SPEECHES AND DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ACTION. I COULD SEE IT ALL IN MY HEAD, MY MOVIE! IT WAS GONNA BE GREAT! THE FIRST TWENTY PAGES WOULD'VE MADE A FIVE-HOUR-LONG EPIC. I JUST DIDN'T REALIZE...UNTIL I SHOWED WHAT I'D WRITTEN TO TERRY. HE JUST TORE IT TO PIECES. HE WAS UNMERCIFUL. MY EGO FELT INJURED. I WASN'T USED TO THIS. I'D ALWAYS WORKED ALONE (EXCEPT FOR MY COLLABORATIONS WITH PEKAR AND ALINE-EASY, NOTHING TO IT). I HAD MY FANS IN THE COMICS WORLD. THEY LOVED MY STUFF. THIS WAS A NEW BALL GAME, AND A ROUGH ONE, AND TERRY KNEW A LOT MORE ABOUT IT THAN I DID. I HAD A LOT TO LEARN. HE SENT ME HOME TO REWRITE, BACK TO PAGE ONE. PARE IT DOWN, THINK OF THE TIMING, HE TOLD ME, KEEP THE DIALOGUE SHORT AND TO THE POINT. CONDENSE THE ACTION. YOU'VE GOT AN HOUR AND A HALF TO TELL THE WHOLE STORY, START TO FINISH. I REWROTE AND REWROTE. MORE CRITICISM. PARE IT DOWN MORE, TERRY SAID, TOO MUCH "EXPOSITION!" I REWROTE SOME MORE. I WAS LEARNING THE ART OF SCRIPT-WRITING FROM THE GROUND UP. IT WAS A LOT OF WORK.

THEN SUDDENLY THE MITCHELL BROTHERS BACKED OUT, PULLED THE RUG OUT FROM UNDER US. WHEN THEY GOT A LOOK AT SOME OF THE SCRIPT AND MY MODEL DRAWINGS THEY REALIZED INSTANTLY THAT OUR BIGFOOT MOVIE WAS NOT THE KIND OF THING THAT MR. PORNO MOVIEGOER WANTED TO SEE. IT WAS WAY TOO QUIRKY, THE SEX ELEMENT FAR TOO ECCENTRIC, COMICAL, SATIRICAL. TERRY WAS PLUNGED INTO A STATE OF DEPRESSION OVER THIS TURN OF EVENTS. I WAS READY TO THROW IN THE TOWEL. THE HELL WITH IT, BACK TO DRAWING COMICS, BUT TERRY SAID, NO, NO, COME ON, LET'S FINISH THE SCRIPT

AND THEN WE'LL TAKE IT DOWN TO HOLLYWOOD AND PITCH IT. HE ALREADY HAD CONNECTIONS DOWN THERE, AND MY NAME MIGHT OPEN A FEW DOORS. OKAY, OKAY...

I SPENT MONTHS OF LABOR ON THAT SCRIPT, WORKING CLOSELY WITH TERRY. HE HAD A LOT OF GOOD IDEAS. HE COULDN'T WRITE DIALOGUE, BUT HE KNEW A LOT MORE ABOUT THE MECHANICS OF IT THAN I DID. TOGETHER WE HAMMERED THE THING INTO SOME KIND OF SHAPE, TIGHT, DENSE WITH ELEMENTS BUT PLENTY OF COMEDY. OUR TITLE FOR IT WAS "SASSY!" THE AFFECTIONATE NICK-NAME OF THE FEMALE SASQUATCH. WE THOUGHT WE HAD A PRETTY DARN GOOD FILMSCRIPT THERE. WE FLEW DOWN TO L.A., GOT A BUNCH OF APPOINTMENTS PRETTY QUICKLY. HEY, THIS IS GONNA BE A CINCH, I THOUGHT. WE TOOK MEETINGS. THEY ALL LOVED US AND OUR SCRIPT. THEY THOUGHT TERRY AND I WERE A GREAT TEAM, BUT THEN THEY NEVER GOT BACK TO US, WOULDN'T RETURN OUR CALLS. IT WAS BEWILDERING... KAFKAESQUE. I NEVER COULD DECIPHER THEIR BEHAVIOR DOWN THERE. IT'S HIGHLY CODIFIED. YOU GOTTA BE AN INSIDER. I WENT BACK TO MAKING COMICS... SIMPLE, STRAIGHTFORWARD, PEN AND INK AND PAPER, THAT'S IT. I'M OUT OF THE FILM INDUSTRY. WELL, IN FACT, TERRY AND I DID TRY OUR HAND AT A COUPLE MORE SCRIPTS. I BECAME SOMEWHAT ADEPT AT IT. I WOULD'VE MADE A GOOD DIALOGUE WRITER FOR T.V. SITCOMS. BUT IT ALL CAME TO NAUGHT. ZERO. DEAD IN THE WATER. TERRY, IN DESPERATION, TURNED THE CAMERAS ON ME, AND MADE THE "CRUMB" DOCUMENTARY, AND WENT ON FROM THERE TO BECOME A MODERATELY SUCCESSFUL DIRECTOR. ME, AT FIRST I WAS A TAD BITTER. THE WHOLE UNDERTAKING HAD BEEN A COLOSSAL WASTE OF TIME... ALL THAT WORK FOR NOTHING! MORE NONSENSE THAT I'D GOTTEN MYSELF SUCKERED INTO... WHEN WILL I LEARN MY LESSON AND STAY AT THE DRAWING BOARD WHERE I BELONG???

IT WASN'T UNTIL YEARS LATER, RE-READING THOSE COMIC STORIES I'D DONE IN THE SCRIPT-WRITING PERIOD, THAT I DISCOVERED HOW THAT EXPERIENCE HAD SHARPENED MY STORY-TELLING SKILLS, THAT I'D GOTTEN A FEW GOOD COMICBOOK STORIES OUT OF IT. THAT MADE IT ALL WORTH IT, I GUESS.

—R. CRUMB, APRIL, '05

# MODEL DRAWINGS FOR "SASSY" FILM SCRIPT, 1988



YOUNG FEMALE SASQUATCH  
WITH BLONDE HAIR & LIGHT  
BROWN FUR



FEMALE CHILD  
SASQUATCH WITH  
REDDISH BROWN  
HAIR & FUR



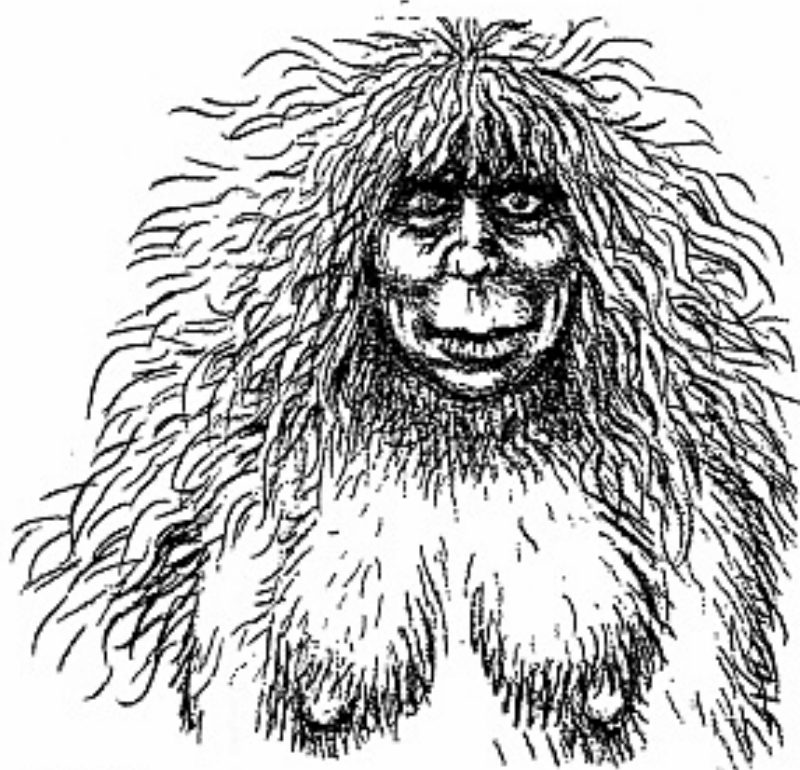




YOUNG  
FEMALE  
SASQUATCH  
—  
BROWN  
HAIR &  
FUR  
—  
BLACK FUR  
LINE DOWN  
HER BACK  
—



OLD MALE  
SASQUATCH,  
WHITE HAIR,  
GRAY FUR

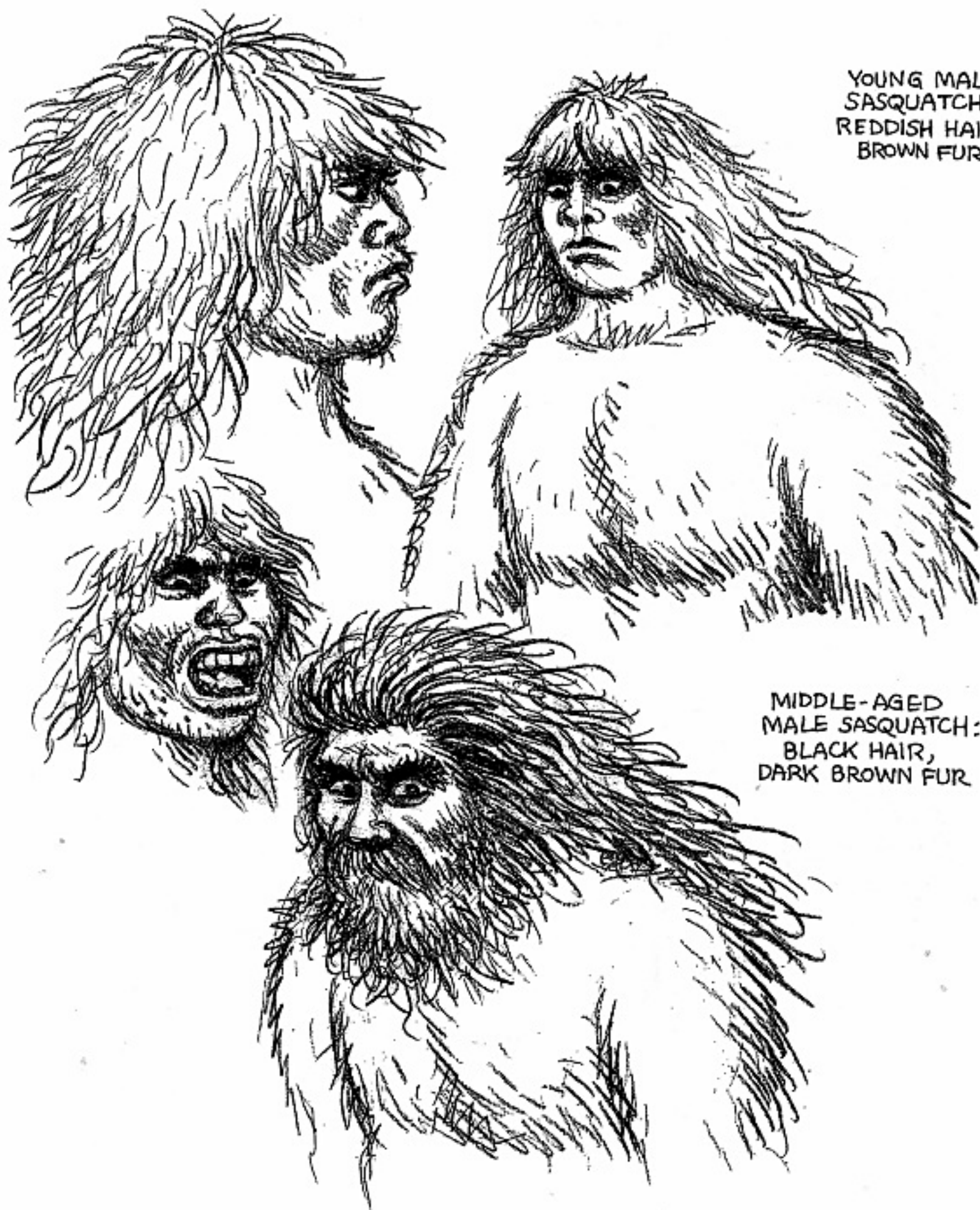


OLD FEMALE,  
PALE YELLOW HAIR,  
GRAY FUR

MODEL DRAWINGS FOR  
"SASSY" FILMScript, 1988

YOUNG MALE  
SASQUATCH:  
REDDISH HAIR,  
BROWN FUR

MIDDLE-AGED  
MALE SASQUATCH:  
BLACK HAIR,  
DARK BROWN FUR





MODEL DRAWING FOR "SASSY", 1987



# It's not just the same old "Boy Meets Girl" Story...

Ask for Chico in the  
"Zindabad Pub"  
Beverly Wilshire Hotel  
February 25-March 5

From the frozen reaches of the Arctic, down through the barren tundra and into the northern verdant forests...the Yeti has migrated. Over the centuries she has sparked the imaginations of millions...dreamers and scientists alike. Speculation abounds and stories proliferate—vague and shadowy, until...



ingredients for an exciting and unique adventure...

And now, combine this with the convention breaking approach to film of Jim and Artie Mitchell

("Behind the Green Door")—to get this incredible tale of love in the wild...

"WHITEMAN MEETS BIGFOOT"

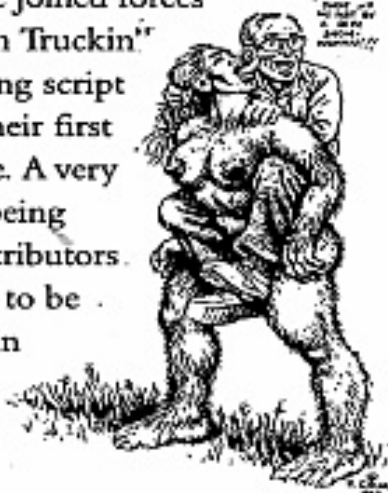
1972. The cartoon genius of America's premier underground artist, Robert Crumb, breaks through the tangled maze of fantasy to create the classic of Sasquatch scenarios...the great outdoors, secret native rites,



emotional conflict and transformation, the intrusion of modern society and its conventions—all the necessary

1988. The Mitchell Brothers have joined forces with Robert "Keep on Truckin'" Crumb, and are nearing script completion on this, their first R-rated screen venture. A very large leading lady is being sought, as well as distributors and others who want to be a part of this history in the making.

Call (415) 441-1930 and ask for Chico.



**WHITEMAN** meets **BIGFOOT**

*She's wild, she's sensitive, she's one-of-a-kind. She's not anything you'd expect.*

A Mitchell Brothers' Production of a Robert Crumb Film.

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*She's wild, she's sensitive, she's one-of-a-kind. She's not anything you'd expect.*

A Mitchell Brothers' Production of a Robert Crumb Film.



BACK IN MY YOUNGER DAYS I SPENT ALOT OF MY TIME CHASING AFTER "PUSSY" (AIN'T I AWFUL?)! USUALLY IT ENDED IN TRAGEDY... DO I REGRET IT? HELL NO! 'CUZ EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, WELL...

# MEMORIES ARE MADE OF THIS!

BY R. CRUMB

©1988

DRAWN IN MY LITE "E-Z DUZ-IT" STYLE...  
MY "GET-IT-DONE-ALREADY" STYLE...

SHE SEEMS TO LIKE ME... YOU JUST NEVER CAN TELL ABOUT THOSE THINGS WITH WOMEN...

IT'S WELL I REMEMBER THAT COLD RAINY NIGHT IN THE WINTER OF 1976! ...MY SINGULARITY OF PURPOSE AS I SKULKED OUT INTO THE WET CITY STREETS!!

OH WHAT A DESPERATE FOOL I AM!

MAN, WHERE'S THAT BUS? IT'S MISERABLE OUT HERE! ...IF AH HAVE TO CLIMB A MOUNTAIN, YEW KNOW AH WILL...

SHEPPING ALL TH' WAY ACROSS TOWN IN THIS WEATHER TO SEE SOME BROAD I DON'T EVEN LIKE ON THE SLIM CHANCE THAT SHE MIGHT PUT OUT...

"...AN' IF AH HAVE TO SWIM A RIVVUH, YEW KNOW AH WILL..."

OH WHERE IS THAT LOUSY FUCKING BUS?!

FINALLY!! HOPE I DON'T GET OVER THERE TOO LATE...

I KNOW THAT CRAZY BITCH WILL REQUIRE A LONG DRAWN-OUT COURTSHIP IF SHE'S GONNA LOOSEN UP AT ALL!

SHE'LL BE ON HER GUARD... SHE KNOWS ALL ABOUT MY REPUTATION AS A PERVERTED SEX FIEND FROM SOME A' HER GIRL-FRIENDS...

...A MORE OBNOXIOUS BUNCH OF FEMALES I'VE NEVER MET!!

FIFTEEN-TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

THIS BUSRIDE IS TAKING FOREVER! ...AN' THEN IT'S A TEN-BLOCK WALK FROM THE BUS STOP TO HER HOUSE... JEEZIZ WHAT A LUNATIC I AM! WHAT A FIRST-CLASS SAP!

ALL FOR THAT ASS! THAT STUPENDOUS RUMP! OH LORD I HOPE SHE'S GAME!!

IT'S GONNA BE A GRIM TREK BACK TO TH' PAD IF SHE ICES ME OUT... OH MAN!





...NOT TO MENTION THE ELABORATE CONSTRUCTION OF LIES AND MANEUVERINGS TO GET AROUND TH' SUSPICIONS OF TH' WIFE... I HOPE I CAN REMEMBER IT ALL... IF THERE'S ANY SLEEPS I'LL BE IN DEEP SHIT!

ALL FOR A CHANCE AT THAT BIG BOUNCING 'GRAB-ME BUTT'!



37TH AVENUE! THIS'S WHERE I GET OFF!

SHE'S FLIRTED WITH ME ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS, BUT ONLY WHEN SHE WAS A BIT DRUNK... ALCOHOL CHANGES HER PERSONALITY... WHEN SHE'S SOBER SHE'S KINDA BITCHY AND HAUGHTY AROUND ME...

HHH, YEAH... I'LL SHOW HER A THING OR TWO!



FUCK THIS RAIN!

WHY DO I EVEN THINK I HAVE HALF A CHANCE WITH THAT CREATURE?? WE HAVE ALMOST NOTHING IN COMMON... WELL, SHE DID SAY "OH SURE! COME ON OVER!"... SOUNDED ENTHUSIASTIC, EVEN... OR WAS I PROJECTING MY FANTASIES ONTO HER PHONEY GUSHY CHEERFULNESS...?



SHE'S SO HATEFUL IN MANY WAYS... EVERYTHING SHE THINKS IS SO COOL I FIND INTENSELY IRRITATING... SHE LOVES BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN... THINKS JIM MORRISON IS TH' SECOND COMING...

SHIT... HER BRAIN IS A CESS-POOL OF ROMANTIC SLOP!



WELL, TOO LATE TO BACK OUT NOW... HERE'S HER HOUSE...

MY HEART IS POUNDING WITH EXCITEMENT! I'M SHAKING... OH THIS'S GONNA BE A NERVE WRACKING ORDEAL!



TRY NOT TO BE TOO EAGER NOW... THEY'RE TURNED OFF BY THAT... ACT COOL... AT ALL COST DO NOT APPEAR DESPERATE... OH I'LL PROBABLY BLOW IT... I HAVE NO CONTROL IN THESE SITUATIONS...



HI... I, UH... MADE IT... HEH HEH...

OH HI ROBBY... COME ON IN... GO SIT IN TH' KITCHEN... I'M ON THE PHONE!



I'LL BE FINISHED IN A MINUTE... HAVE A DRINK...

OKAY...

OH GOD THERE IT IS, JUST AS GLORIOUS AS I REMEMBERED IT! PERHAPS EVEN MORE SO!!

LOOK AT THAT THING... SO ROUND, SO FIRM... PULSATING WITH POWERFUL GIRL ENERGY!



AT LEAST IT'S WARM IN HERE...

I NEVER SAID THAT, TIM! DON'T WELL, THAT'S NOT TRUE AND YOU KNOW IT, MAN!

I'LL TRY TO AVOID LOOKING AT THAT STUPID POSTER OF SYLVESTER STALLONE... CHRIST!

\* THIS WAS WAY BEFORE "RAMBO" \*

YOU'VE GOT A BIG TOMORROW NIGHT? WELL, WHEN CAN I— OH FUCK OFF MAN!!

SHE'S TALKING TO SOME MUSICIAN! WHY DON'T I JUST GET UP AND LEAVE RIGHT NOW?...STUPID GROUPIE! IF IT WASN'T POURING RAIN OUTSIDE I'D RUN OUT TH' DOOR THIS VERY INSTANT...

OF COURSE I'M WORKING ON IT...IT'S ALMOST FINISHED IN FACT... IT'S COMING OUT RILLY BEAUTIFUL... YOU'LL LOVE IT! NEXT WEEK, THEN... CALL ME, OKAY? PROMISE??

I HATE ALL THE PROFESSIONAL MUSICIANS I'VE EVER MET... WHY DO WOMEN FALL FOR THOSE INSOLENT STRUTTING MORONS? OH, I ALMOST FORGOT... THEY LIKE ARROGANT MALES...  
TOO BAD I CAN'T PULL IT OFF...

SORRY... THAT WAS TIM BAKER! YOU MET HIM OVER HERE ONCE... I'M MAKING AN EMBROIDERY ON THE BACK OF HIS MOTORCYCLE JACKET... WANNA SEE?

YEAH! SURE... SHE'S OBVIOUSLY VEXED... SHE'S GOT TH' HOTS FOR HIM... HE'S IN— DIFFERENT TO HER, AN' NOW I'M HERE AND SHE HAS TO DEAL WITH ME...

HAVE SOME WINE, ROB... ALL I GOT IS THAT ZINFANDEL... IS THAT OKAY??

WHAT DO I KNOW?

I CAN'T DRINK IT ANYWAY... WINE GIVES ME A HEAD-ACHE...

THIS IS BEAUTIFUL... NICE WORK...

THANK YOU... HE'S GETTING MAD AT ME CUZ HE WANTS HIS JACKET BACK... HA HA HA...

I UH... READ THAT COMIC YOU GAVE ME THE OTHER NIGHT AT SPEC'S...

OH YEH? SO WHA'D'YA THINK?

I THINK YOU'RE A VERY GIFTED ARTIST BUT SORT OF A SAD FELLOW...

HA HA HA... A SAD FELLOW... THAT'S ME! HEH HEH HEH...

SHOULD'VE NEVER GIVEN HER THAT COMIC BOOK... ..BIG MIS-TAKE...

THERE'S ALL THIS... ALL THIS HOSTILITY... DO YOU THINK OF YOURSELF AS A MISOGYNIST, ROB?

MISOGYNIST?? NAH, NAH... I HATE EVERYBODY EQUALLY!! PHAW HAW HAW!!

OH...

AN HOUR LATER...

THE FRENCH WORLD-VIEW IS SO— SO SENSUAL! PARIS IS SUCH A RICH PASTORAL OF AESTHETIC PLEASURES! COMING BACK TO THIS COUNTRY WAS A TRAUMATIC EXPERIENCE... I CRIED WHEN I GOT OFF THE PLANE IN NEW YORK... AMERICANS ARE SUCH BOORISH SLOBS!

OH YES, FRANCE HAS ALWAYS BEEN, Y'KNOW, LIKE, A SOCIETY OF ART LOVERS... THEY ENJOY THEIR FOOD, THEIR WINE...

...AND OF COURSE, THE ART OF LOVE!!







# Aline 'n' Bob in OUR LOVELY HOME

by R. Crumb & Aline Kominsky-Crumb  
©1988

WE'VE BEEN  
PUTTING ALL  
OUR HARD-  
EARNED MONEY  
INTO HOME  
IMPROVEMENTS  
LATELY...

BOY! THIS'S NICE! IT'S  
STARTING TO LOOK LIKE  
DISNEYLAND AROUND HERE!

QUAINT,  
HUH??

HE'S THE  
FOURTH PERSON  
TO MAKE THAT  
[IRRITATING]  
COMPARISON...

MR.  
PERFECT  
WHO JUST  
RODE HIS  
BICYCLE  
100 MILES  
IN 100°  
HEAT



OH HERE'S  
ALINE JUST  
BACK FROM  
TOWN...ANY  
MAIL FOR ME?

ALINE!  
HI-I-I-I!  
YOUR HOUSE  
LOOKS SO O-O  
NI-I-ICE!!

OH BOB YOU GOT  
A BIG FAT ROYALTY  
CHECK FROM SCHMUCKS  
& DUMPSIES! NOW WE  
CAN PUT IN THAT  
HOT TUB!!

NEW  
HILLTOP  
MANSIONS

THE NEW PORCH IS  
REALLY GORGEOUS  
AND SO ARE YOU!

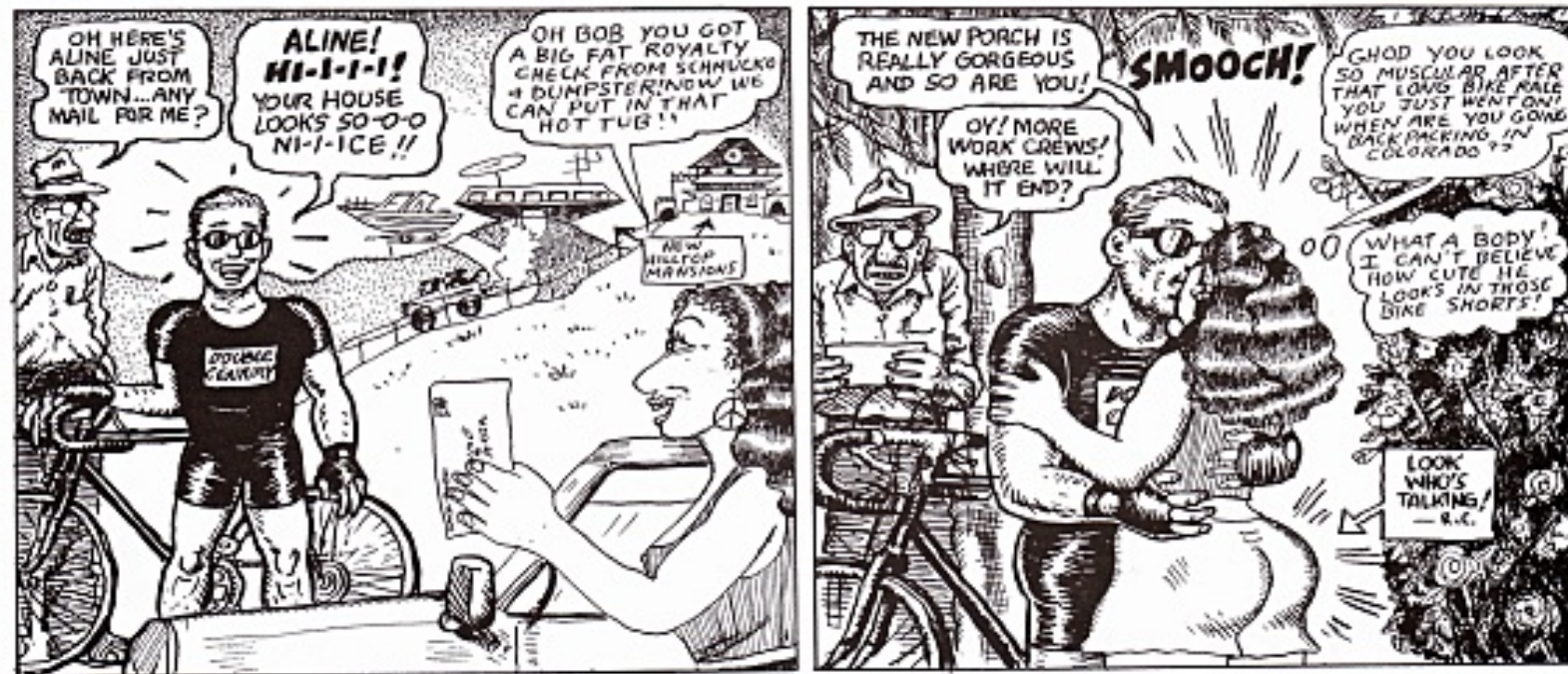
SMOOCH!

OY! MORE  
WORK CREWS!  
WHERE WILL  
IT END?

GHOD YOU LOOK  
SO MUSCULAR AFTER  
THAT LONG BIKE RIDE  
YOU JUST WENT ON!  
WHEN ARE YOU GOING  
BACKPACKING IN  
COLORADO??

WHAT A BODY!  
I CAN'T BELIEVE  
HOW CUTE HE  
LOOKS IN THOSE  
BIKE SHORTS!

LOOK  
WHO'S  
TALKING!  
-R.C.











# HEY MOM!

OUCH!

# HEY MOM!!

OH ALINE I'M GONNA HAFTO BE HONEST WITH YOU... WE CAN'T POSSIBLY DO THIS AMOUNT OF DETAIL WORK WITHOUT TAKING A REAL SOAKING... I MEAN.....

OH?! WELL I THOUGHT I DESCRIBED OUR PLANS ADEQUATELY... BUT I'M WILLING TO PAY YOU MORE IF NECESSARY, BUCKY!!

YOU COULD USE THIS BRUSH!!

I'LL HAFTO TALK TO THE OTHER CREW MEMBERS... WE'RE A COLLECTIVE!

THIS IS A LOUSY DAY FOR ME 'CAUSE I'M ON THE RAG.. ARE YOU A SAGITAR-IUS? I DON'T GET ALONG WITH THEM!

NO, I'M A LEO!

DIRTY STINKIN'... SHE BID ON THIS JOB... I TOLD 'ER WHAT WAS INVOLVED... SUCH CRUST... WHAT A WORLD!!

JUSTA MINIT SOF... I'LL BE RIGHT THERE.

HOW CAN PEOPLE BE SO SLEAZY? NO WONDER THE MODERN WORLD LOOKS LIKE SHIT... GUESS ITS NOT SATISFYING ENOUGH TO DO A GOOD JOB + GET PAID WELL FOR IT!!! EVERY PERSONS WANTS SOME EXCITING GLAMOROUS LIFE + TOTAL INSTANT GRATIFICATION!! JERKS... I'M BURSTING MY BRISKET HERE.....

SHE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE ON THE RAG!

DIRTY STINKOLAS

LORA DAHLING...HOW ARE YA? WHAT? YOU WANT SOME ONE TO RENT YOUR APARTMENT IN PARIS FOR THE SUMMER? DO I KNOW ANYONE WHO'D BE INTERESTED??

YES... MEEE! HOW FABULOUS!!

I'LL TALK IT OVER WITH BOB + GET BACK TO YOU ON THE DETAILS!!

BOB HELPS OUT WITH THE DIGGING FOR A FEW MINUTES...

WHEW! BOY! HEH HEH...WELL, GUESS I'LL KNOCK OFF, GUYS!

YA DID GOOD, DUDE... EVEN GOT YER HANDS DIRTY...

WE'LL FINISH UP..

PANT PANT









WELL AT LEAST WE'RE NOT PARTING ON BAD TERMS, THAT'S REALLY SCARY 'CAUSE THEN I START THINKING WE'LL SPLIT UP!!

I CAN'T IMAGINE NOT BEING WITH YOU... I WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH MYSELF... I'D BE A WRECK!

OH MAN...

IT'S A WEIRD EXPERIENCE TO KEEP DRAWING YOURSELF OVER AND OVER AGAIN...

I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO DUMP YOU SO YOU'LL GROW UP!!

NO! I DON'T HAFTO... I HAD A HARD CHILDHOOD... I DESERVE TO HAVE IT GOOD NOW!!

WELL AT LEAST TRINA MIGHT BE NICE TO ME IF I WASN'T HOOKED UP TO YOU.

WHERE'S MY GRASS SKIRT??

DON'T WORRY... I LIKE YOUR BODY... I'D KEEP YOU AROUND JUST FOR THIS BUTT!

OH MY GOD! THAT THING IS A WONDER OF NATURE!

UHP!

GULP!

BUT WHAT ABOUT MY PERSONALITY?

HNNARNHH!

I JUS' WANNA

AW!

WHAT EFFECT WILL IT HAVE ON OUR DANGER WHEN SHE LOOKS AT THIS??

HNNH!

SQUISH  
MOUNGE  
SPLUT!

I FLUCTUATE BETWEEN WANTING TO KILL YOU AND HAVING THE TENDEREST FEELINGS TOWARD YOU...

SMOOCH  
KISS

I KNOW... I LIKE IT WHEN YOU SUBDUCE MY RAMBUNCTIOUS PERSONALITY. I HATE LIVING WITH IT TOO...

IT'S A RELIEF!

BUT DON'T GET TOO COCKY!

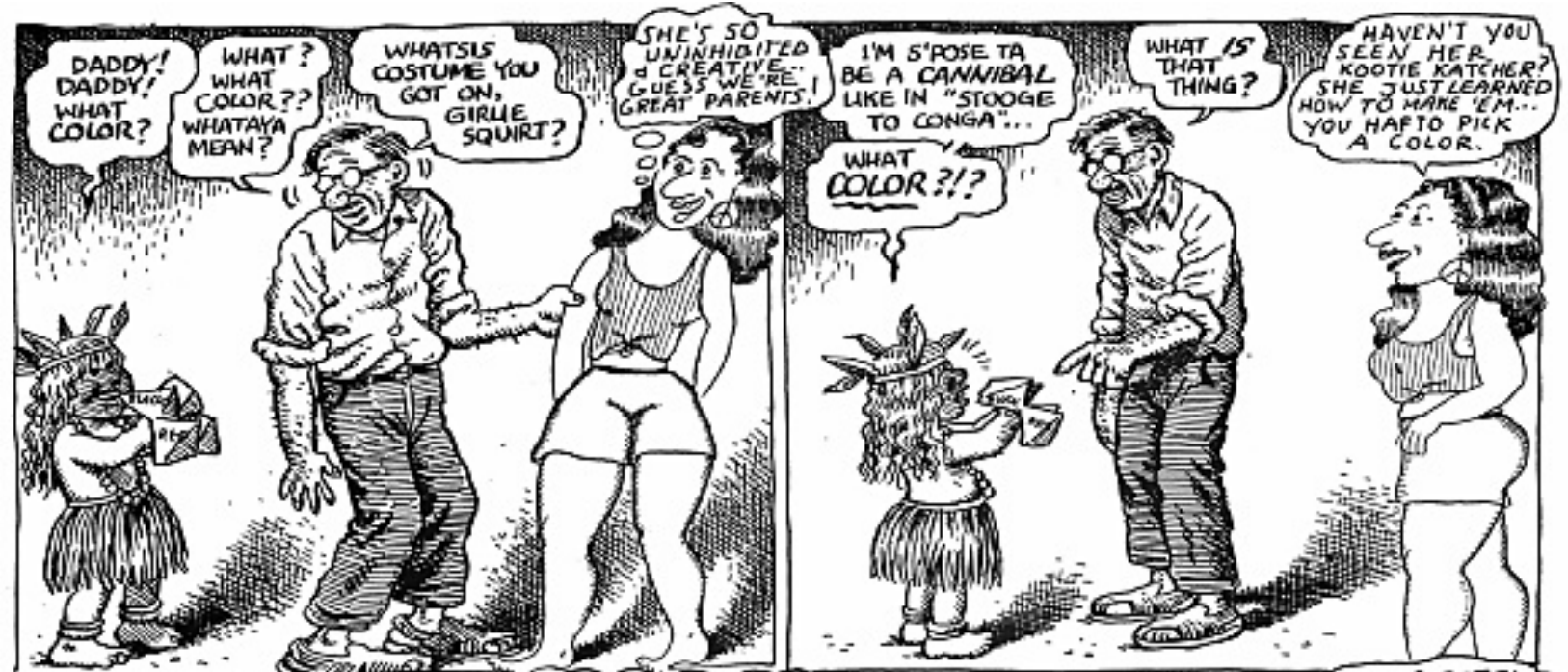
REMEMBER I CAN BOUNCE YOU OFF ANYTIME WITH ONLY MINIMAL EFFORT!

I'LL KEEP IT IN MIND...

BAM

ROBERT HAD THE NERVE TO TOUCH THIS FACE... A.

I COULDN'T HELP IT... IT WAS TOO NERVOUS!  
- R.





WHAT EVENING

THESE DAMN CRITICS... THEY LOVE TO PUT YOU UP ON A PEDESTAL AND THEN WHEN THEY'RE BORED WITH DRIVING YOU, THEY CAN START USING YOU TO HONE AND REFINE THEIR SKILL AT MAKING CLEVER AND BRILLIANT- SOUNDING PUT-DOWNS...

RANKLES MY ASS!

DID YOU READ THAT ARTICLE ABOUT ME IN THE COMICS JOURNAL ALINE?

NO I'VE BEEN MUCH TOO BUSY DESIGNING OUR IRRIGATION SYSTEM + FIGHTING WITH THOSE PAINTERS TO READ THAT LONG-WINDED NONSENSE!

FIVE COSTUME CHANGES LATER



HEY, I ACTUALLY DID SOME ART-WORK TODAY! I WORKED FOR ABOUT AN HOUR, MAYBE EVEN LONGER!

YEA... I GOT 1/2 HOUR OF WORK DONE YESTERDAY, UNTIL THAT COMIC COLLECTOR FROM PALM SPRINGS CAME + BOUGHT ALL THOSE ORIGINALS + I HIRED MORE WORKERS THAT I HAD TO ORDER AROUND.

SO, EAT THAT MEAT LOAF... I MADE IT FOR YOU 'CAUSE YOU SAID THAT YOU LOVE MEATLOAF!

I DON'T EAT MEAT! I'M HERBIVOROUS... EXCEPT FOR HOT DOGS



IT'S A BALMY EVENING... LET'S GO SIT ON OUR NEW FRONT PORCH! MAYBE I'LL GET OUT MY BANJO!

GOOD IDEA I'LL GET A GLASS O' WINE + JOIN YOU!!

C'MON SOF YA WANNA COME OUT + SIT WITH US?

NO! THAT'S TOO BORING!



THIS IS THE LIFE! I DON'T KNOW HOW WE LIVED WITHOUT A PORCH ALL THESE YEARS!

WE'VE REALLY CREATED A CARRIBBEAN AMBIANCE... IT'S JUST PERFECT... LISTEN TO THOSE CRICKETS!!



YES WE'VE MADE A STRONG AESTHETIC STATEMENT... WE'LL HAVE TO HAVE A CHAMPAGNE + PATE PARTY HERE TO SHOW IT OFF. ITS AMAZING HOW PERFECT MY SENSE OF COLOR IS!! THE PLANTING IS REALLY WORKING OUT TOO!!!

WE'RE VERY VERY LUCKY WE GET TO LIVE IN THIS BEAUTIFUL ENVIRONMENT! WHEN YOU THINK OF WHERE MOST PEOPLE HAVE TO LIVE...

"NOT BECAUSE I'M DIRTY NOT BECAUSE I'M CLEAN—JUST BECAUSE I KISSED A BOY BEHIND A MAGAZINE!"



OH MY GOD!

IT'S THE NEIGHBOR TEARING DOWN TH' HILL IN HIS TRUCK AN' OPENING HIS BIG METAL GATE...

BRUMM  
BRUMMM  
CLANK  
CLANK

QUIET ASS WIPE!!

"HE-E-EY GIRLS DO YA WANNA HAVE SOME FUN? HERE COMES JOHNNY WITH HIS PANTS UNDONE!"

TIG HEE



END











# The Adventures of WICHITA

## THE RAT DANCER

### OUR STORY LAST TIME

At the clinic, Stacey learns that she caught something YUCKY from Chris. But she refuses to let it spoil an otherwise perfect, sunshiny day. She meets Bob Gelard downtown for lunch and asks if he can use his influence to get her a job at his friend Paul's advertising agency.

They drive to the airport, where they meet Tom Schurr, fresh off the plane from Des Moines. Bob drops them at Stacey's half of the duplex, and Tom gets reacquainted with Brice and Keith. After settling in at Chris's apartment, Tom calls Adam and asks if he's seen Lisa, and Adam lies, saying he didn't know if she was in town. Lisa, meanwhile, is at the mall getting her hair done in a radical new style for her big debut with T.J.'s rock band!

Wichita is also at the mall, doing God knows what. Afterward, she calls up Dave, and they make a date. After dinner, they get high and get into a three-way romp with Judy, and something, finally, happens....

OH MY  
GOD!

WHAT'S HE  
DOING,  
WICHITA!?

AHRR

GRARHH





MEANWHILE...

OOHH! SNOOKY MORRISON!! CAN I PUT THIS ON? I LOVE THIS ALBUM!

SURE! LET'S HAVE SOME MUSIC!

DON'T BE SAD~ I JUST WANNA SEE YOU GET THROUGH~ ALL I HAVE IS YOURS IF YOU THINK IT HELPS YOU~

WHERE SHOULD I THROW AWAY THIS GUM WRAPPER, BRUCE?

OH, UH, HM... I KNOW... WE KEEP CHANGE IN THE ASH-TRAY... HEH HEH

NEVERMIND... I'LL JUST STICK IT IN MY PURSE WITH ALL THE OTHER TRASH... DO YOU WANT A PIECE OF GUM?

NO THANKS. YEAH, WE USED TO HAVE A BAG IN HERE FOR TRASH BUT IT GOT FULL AND STEPHANIE THREW IT OUT...

TYPICAL FEMALE...

YEAH, REALLY, HA HA HA

I THOUGHT WE'D GO TO MAX'S... THE FOOD'S EXCELLENT IN MY OPINION...

OH GOOD... THEY HAVE GREAT SALADS THERE... HEY, DID YOU KNOW THAT TODD'S FIRST WIFE KATHY USED TO BE THE MANAGER AT MAX'S WHEN IT FIRST OPENED?

OH RILLY? HUH! I DIDN'T KNOW THAT... HM!

HI-I-I!

HI... WOULD YOU LIKE SOMETHING FROM THE BAR?

TANYA! WHAT'LL YOU HAVE?

OH, A GLASS OF WHITE WINE, I GUESS...

SAME FOR ME...

OKAY...

OH, MAKE THAT A CARAFE, WOULD YOU?

FOR SURE! I'LL BE BACK TO TAKE YOUR ORDER...



MEANWHILE

SO THEN I TOLE 'IM  
TA TAKE TH' FUCKIN' CAMARRO  
AN' SHOVE IT  
UP HIS ASS!

HAW HAW!  
YOU'RE A HARD  
BITCH, USA!



I GUESS I'LL TELL  
YOU NOW—THAT GAL WHO'S  
HEAD OF CREATIVE DEVELOP-  
MENT AT ABOOD ENTERTAIN-  
MENT GROUP WAS VERY  
ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT YOUR  
TAPE.

REALLY?  
SHE WAS??



ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE  
NOT JUST SOFTENING ME UP  
FOR LATER? WHO IS THIS  
PERSON FROM ABOOD??

MY, AREN'T WE  
FRANK TO-  
NIGHT!



SHE'S THE SISTER  
OF NICK, THAT DOCTOR  
FRIEND OF MINE...  
YOU KNOW, THE GUY  
WITH THE SKI  
LODGE UP AT  
SNOW MASS..

OH OH  
YEAH  
YEAH...

SO WHAT  
DID SHE SAY?  
SHE LIKED MY  
SINGING ??



SHE'S GOING TO  
GIVE YOU A CALL ON  
TUESDAY...

HEY! YOU  
LOOK  
FABULOUS!

THANKS...  
WHAT'D YOU  
GET FOR ME?!

LET ME  
SEE!



THAT'S ALL YOU  
REALLY CARE ABOUT...  
WHAT I CAN DO FOR  
YOUR CAREER...  
WHAT EXPENSIVE  
GIFTS I BRING  
YOU!

AW  
POOR  
BABY...

GASP!!  
OOOH...  
THIS'S GORGEOUS!

A FRENCH  
ORIGINAL!!



TELL ME  
WHAT YOU'VE  
BEEN UP TO LATE-  
LY... YOUR LATEST  
DEALS AN' STUFF...  
HAVE YOU BEEN  
BAD? CON-  
FESS!

OH, JUST THE  
USUAL... BOUGHT  
A COUPLE OF  
SENATORS TO RIG  
SOME LEGISLATION  
IN OUR FAVOR...  
WORKED OUT A BRIL-  
LIANT LOOPHOLE THRU  
SOME STUPID ENVI-  
RONMENTAL REG-  
ULATIONS...

HEH  
HEH



YOU  
VILE  
FILTHY  
PIG!!

I'M GONNA  
TEAR YOUR  
ASS TO  
PIECES!!

EEEK!!



ROTTEN  
MOTHERFUCKER!!  
AFTER THIS YOU  
WILL SERVE AS  
MY TOILET!

SHIT  
HEEL!!









MEANWHILE...

JOHN! THIS FAUCET'S STILL NOT RIGHT! NOW IT MAKES A HORRIBLE NOISE WHEN YOU TURN IT ON! HEAR THAT?!

THAT DAMN OL' WORTHLESS ALCOHOLIC PLUMBER! I'LL HAVE TO GET A DIFFERENT GUY OUT HERE...



OH BABY IS MY BACK SORE! UNH...

WELL, YOU WON'T WEAR THE BRACE, SO WHAT DO YOU EXPECT??

AN' AFTER SHELLING OUT SIX HUNDRED BUCKS TO THAT CRAZY HUNGARIAN CHIROPRACTOR!

DAVE HASN'T CALLED OR WRITTEN SINCE CHRISTMAS, YOU KNOW THAT?



I REFUSE TO CALL HIM AGAIN AND BE FORCED TO LISTEN TO THAT DELIBERATELY OBSCURE MESSAGE ON HIS MACHINE...HE NEVER RETURNS MY CALLS ANYWAY!

GODDAMN LITTLE PISSANT...I SHOULD'VE PUNCHED HIM OUT A FEW TIMES WHEN HE WAS A TEENAGER! MAYBE THAT WOULD'VE —



JOHN! WHAT AN AWFUL THING TO SAY! HE'S AN ARTIST! THAT'S HOW THEY ARE.

ARTIST! BULLSHIT! ARTIST...PHHH! RIDICULOUS MASTURBATORY NONSENSE...



I WANT YOU TO STICK THAT THING OF YOURS IN ME TONIGHT.. THINK YOU CAN??

SIGH... RIGHT NOW A DECENT BOWEL MOVEMENT IS THE MOST THRILLING THING I CAN THINK OF...

HATE TA TELL YA... (CHUCKLE)



WHAT IF I WORK ON IT A LITTLE? LET ME SEE THAT... HMM...

GO AHEAD... DO WHAT YOU WANT WITH THE DAMN THING!



IT'S NOT WORKING... I'M GETTING ZERO RESPONSE... ZILCH! NOTHING!

WELL, YOU KNOW, WHY DON'TCHA LET ME PLAY MY LITTLE, UM, GAME? WILL YOU PUT ON THE OUTFIT?

OH, ALRIGHT.



OHHH AWPH AHMGH

IT'S GETTING HARD! YOU ARE SUCH A DEPRAVED OLD BASTARD — GHASP! SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR!

DING DONG



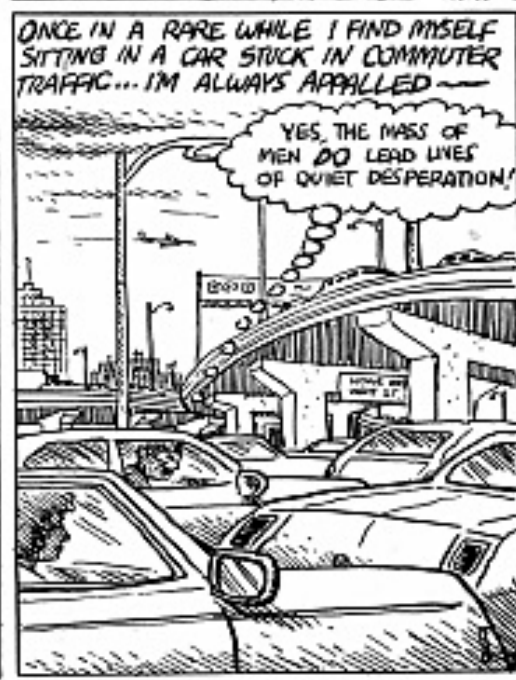
TO BE DISCONTINUED IMMEDIATELY!!



OKAY, SO I'M A WHINEY, COMPLAINING MALCONTENT—YOU'RE TIRED OF HEARING ABOUT WHAT A MISERABLE FUCKING PLANET WE LIVE ON—YOU'RE SICK UNTO DEATH OF MY GRIM TIRADES ABOUT HOW MUCH I HATE EVERYTHING—WHY DO I HAVE TO BE SO NEGATIVE? WELL, THE TRUTH IS, IT'S EASIER AND MORE FUN TO DRAW THE BAD STUFF—IT'S ALOT MORE TEDIOUS TRYING TO SHOW THE NICE SIDE OF THINGS. YOU KNOW, THERE'S ALWAYS THE DANGER OF GETTING TOO CUTE, TOO SHIMALTZY—BUT BELIEVE ME, THERE'S MANY TIMES EVERY DAY WHEN, REALLY...

# I'M GRATEFUL! I'M GRATEFUL!

©R. CRUMB  
1989



I LOVE MY STUDIO—MY OWN PRIVATE WORLD—MY COLLECTIONS, MY ARCHIVES ALL RETENTIVELY IN PLACE—READY FOR A DAY'S WORK—



I'M SO GRATEFUL THAT I HAVE THESE OBSESSIVE CULTURAL INTERESTS—I'M NEVER BORED—THERE'S SO MUCH INTERESTING STUFF TO STUDY—



AN OBSCURITY OF CULTURAL RICHES—TREASURES WAITING TO BE DISCOVERED—MORE THAN ENOUGH FOR TEN LIFETIMES OF DEVOTED INQUIRY—



SURE I'VE RANTED ABOUT HOW MUCH I DESPISE MODERN POP MUSIC, BUT ONLY BECAUSE OF THE THOUSANDS OF HOURS OF MUSICAL THRILLS I'VE GOTTEN OUT OF MY WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF OLD RECORDS!



IT'S SO EXCITING TO SEARCH AND SIFT OUT SOME NEW GEM OF FORGOTTEN OLD MUSIC—THE EXOTIC YET HAUNTINGLY FAMILIAR STRAINS TOUCHING SOME DEEP CHORD IN THE BRAIN—



IT FILLS ME WITH WONDERMENT AND AWE—WITH TREMBLING HANDS I HOLD THESE FRAGILE ARTIFACTS, THESE UNASSUMING DISCS POSSESSED OF POWERFUL HIDDEN MAGIC!



ANOTHER THING I'M THANKFUL FOR IS, I DON'T HAVE CHRONIC BACK PAIN LIKE MY FRIEND.



IN DESPERATION HE'S SPENT THOUSANDS ON MEDICAL TREATMENTS, TESTS, AND EVERY HOLISTIC HEALER IN SEVEN COUNTIES...



AND I DON'T EVEN HAVE HEMORRHOIDS!! DID YOU KNOW THAT 50% OF THE POPULATION OVER THE AGE OF FORTY HAS CHRONIC HEMORRHOIDS?? (THE ONLY TIME I EVER GOT ONE WAS STRAINING TO MAKE A BOWEL MOVEMENT IN THE BATHROOM ON AN AIRPLANE—BIG MISTAKE!)—(I'M ALSO GRATEFUL THAT OUR TOILET MECHANISM IS WORKING!!)





I'M FULFILLED! I'M FULFILLED! IN MY YOUTH I HAD THIS TERRIBLE, IMPOSSIBLE SEXUAL LONGING—I LIVED IN A SECRET NETHERWORLD OF MY OWN CRAZY MASTURBATION FANTASIES...



NEVER IN MY WILDEST DREAMS DID I EVER EXPECT TO LIVE OUT THESE QUIRKY, BIZARRE DESIRES—BUT YEARS LATER, THERE I WAS, DOWN TO THE FINEST DETAILS!! (AFTER I GOT FAMOUS, OF COURSE...)



YE-E-ES, I'M FULFILLED—I HAVE MY MEMORIES, MY CHERISHED MOMENTS TO LOOK BACK ON IN OLD AGE—



AHH, WOMEN! WHO CAN FIGURE THE CREATURES OUT—WHY THEY DO WHAT THEY DO—WHY THEY LIKE OR DON'T LIKE A GIVEN THING—THEY DRIVE ME NUTS!!



THEY MAKE ME CRAZY WITH DESIRE!! I'M AT THEIR MERCY!!



BUT I'VE BEEN LUCKY—OH SO LUCKY! A FEW OF THESE WONDROUS BEINGS HAVE ALLOWED ME TO HAVE MY WAY WITH THEM—



MAYBE THEY EVEN LIKED IT—I DUNNO! SOMETIMES THEY SEEM TO, BUT WHO KNOWS?!



I'VE KNOWN MANY AMAZING WOMEN—WORDS CAN NEVER DESCRIBE—NOR PICTURES—THE SPECIAL SOMETHING EACH OF THESE WOMEN HAD...



LIKE THIS WOMAN I WAS INVOLVED WITH IN THE EARLY SEVENTIES—SHE WAS SO ———WHAT A ———I STILL GET EXCITED WHEN I THINK OF HER—LIKE RIGHT NOW FOR INSTANCE!!



AND THIS ONE - I CAN'T EVEN TALK ABOUT HER (I'D GET IN TROUBLE) - AH, MY, MY -



THIS ONE WAS FULL OF SURPRISES AND UNEXPECTED THRILLS - COMPLETELY UNFATHOMABLE, BUT SO MUCH FUN!!



SHY FARM GIRL, UNBELIEVABLY STRONG!

THIS ONE - OY! SHE WAS TROUBLE!



THICKEST AND BIGGEST ASS OF ALL TIME

AND THIS ONE - MORE TROUBLE?



THIS ONE - A TOTAL LUNATIC!!



ANOTHER LUNATIC - BUT A LOVABLE ONE -



WELL, THERE YOU HAVE IT - THE GIRLS OF R. CRUMB - SHOOT ME NOW, I'LL BE HAPPY - THANKS, LADIES, ALL OF YOU - I 'PRECATE IT -



OH, WAIT - I FORGOT ONE - THE ONE I'M MOST GRATEFUL FOR OF ALL - THE WIFE, OF COURSE!!



MARRIED LIFE IS HARD, BUT HERE WE ARE AFTER -



HEY, SHE'S TERRIFIC, REALLY, BUT WHY DOES SHE HAVE TO WEAR THAT DARK RED LIPSTICK?

SHUT UP!



WE STILL APPRECIATE EACH OTHER. SHE HAS AN UNUSUALLY JUDICIOUS VIEW FOR A WOMAN—SHE CRACKS ME UP!



MOST PHENOMENAL OF ALL IS THAT WE STILL HAVE WILD HOT SEX—BETTER THAN EVER, ACTUALLY... THERES AN ART TO IT WHEN YOU'VE BEEN MARRIED THIS LONG—GUESS ALOT DEPENDS ON HOW IMPORTANT IT IS TO YOU.



BUT IF YOU WANT TO SEE ME GO TOTALLY SOFT IN THE HEAD, JUST LET ME GET STARTED ON MY BEAUTIFUL, BRILLIANT, MULTI-TALENTED DAUGHTER—I HAVE NO OBJECTIVITY WHEN IT COMES TO HER—I'M A DOTING FOOL—SHE'S GOT ME WRAPPED AROUND HER LITTLE FINGER!



I'M GRATEFUL THAT SHE'S SUCH A FIERCE LITTLE FEMALE—IT'S TOUGH ON THE PARENTS BUT YOU KNOW NO MAN WILL EVER PUSH HER AROUND AND GET AWAY WITH IT!



AH, YES... I'M HUMBL Y GRATEFUL FOR ALL THE SECOND CHANCES I'VE HAD—Y'SEE, I'VE BLOWN IT JUST ABOUT EVERY WAY YOU CAN AND BEEN GIVEN THE CHANCE TO TRY IT AGAIN—FAMILY LIFE, FINANCIAL SUCCESS, MENTAL STABILITY...



BUT, YA KNOW, IT'S NOT TOO BAD A DEAL IF YOU CAN KEEP IT TOGETHER AT ALL—IF YOUR VALUES AREN'T TOO SCREWED UP, AND YOU DON'T GET HIT WITH TOO MANY TOUGH BREAKS...



KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, WATCH OUT FOR THE SUCKER PITCH—LIVE AND LEARN—DON'T GET STUCK ON A ONE-WAY STREET TO ALCOHOLISM OR DRUG ADDICTION—DUMB STUFF LIKE THAT—YOU'LL BE ALRIGHT...



PLENTY OF THINGS CAN GO WRONG, SURE, BUT MORE OFTEN THAN NOT PEOPLE'S PROBLEMS ARE DUE TO THEIR OWN FUCK-UPS... THAT'S BEEN MY EXPERIENCE... NOT THAT I DON'T STILL BELIEVE IN SOCIALISM—I DO—IT'S THE MOST CIVILIZED WAY WE KNOW OF—NO QUESTION ABOUT IT...



IT CAN BE A SWEET LIFE, IT REALLY CAN—WITH EFFORT AND A LITTLE LUCK—I DON'T WANT TO SOUND LIKE I'M TOOTING MY OWN HORN—WHAT DO I KNOW? THE GODS DECIDED TO EASE UP ON ME A LITTLE SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE, AND, BELIEVE ME, I'M GRATEFUL!



END

# PEOPLE... YA GOTTA LOVE 'EM!

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# Mode Day

COMFORTABLE IN HIS ALIENATION, DOGGO SPENDS ANOTHER LEISURELY EVENING WALLOWING IN HIS OWN FILTH...





IT'S ROGER AN' MELANIE'S NEW CAR! ROGER SAID, "GO AHEAD, CALL SOMEBODY UP!" SO, I THOUGHT OF YOU, DAHLING... AREN'T YOU FLATTERED? WHAT'RE YOU DOING?



WATCHING LONG JEAN SILVER, ACTUALLY...

WHO??

SHE'S THIS, LIKE, REALLY SEXY GIRL WITH ONE LEG MISSING... SHE HAS THIS, Y'KNOW, STUMP ABOUT 14 INCHES BELOW THE KNEE.....



OH REHLLY? HOW AWFUL!

YEAH, BUT SHE-UH- NEVERMIND- ROGER AND MELANIE- AREN'T THEY THE ONES WHO HAD THEIR CHRISTMAS TREE TRIMMED WITH HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS? I REMEMBER HER BRAGGING ABOUT THAT...

EXACTLY! HA HA HA

HE'S A BIG HIGH-POWERED SHARK LAWYER OR SOMETHIN'?



YEAH, RIGHT- DOGGO, THIS CAR IS SO INCREDIBLY BEAUTIFUL- ABSOLUTELY A WORK OF ART... THE CRAFTSMANSHIP- IT'S ANOTHER WORLD, TOTALLY!

THE INTERIOR IS JUST MAGNIFICENT! ALL WOOD AND LEATHER! IT'S-

...CORPULENT REPUBLICAN SWINE PROBABLY FUCKS HER WITH A HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILL WRAPPED AROUND HIS DICK...



TSK! DON'T BE IMMATURE... YEAH NO, ROGER REALLY IS VERY GENEROUS... MELANIE GOT TH' IDEA TO OPEN HER OWN LITTLE FRENCH RESTAURANT, AND YOU KNOW WHAT??

AHA HA HA HA

AHA HA HA HA

AHA HA HA HA

ROGER IMMEDIATELY AGREED TO BANKROLL IT FOR HER! WHAT A GUY! I'M SICK WITH ENVY, NATURALLY!



AHA HA HA HA...



I HELPED HER COME UP WITH A NAME FOR IT... "TOUCHE"! WHATAYA THINK? CUTE, HUH?! SHE'S REALLY EXCITED ABOUT IT! HOW IT ALL STARTED WAS, WHEN SHE WAS IN PARIS THIS SPRING SHE MET THIS CUTE YOUNG PROFESSIONAL CHEF WHO WAS DYING TO COME OVER TO THIS COUNTRY—AND HIS COOKING IS, LIKE, TOTALLY HEAVENLY!!

Y'KNOW, MELANIE WAS ALWAYS RAVING ABOUT HOW WHAT THIS TOWN NEEDS IS A REALLY AUTHENTIC FRENCH RESTAURANT, SO—VWA-LAH!

HEY, TELL 'IM WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR A DISH WASHER, IF HE'S INTERESTED... CHUCKLE...

HA HA, ROGER SAYS TO TELL YOU THEY MIGHT BE NEEDING A DISH-WASHER, DAHLING! HA HA HA...

ROGER! TEE HEE...



I'LL MAIL 'EM MY RESUME...

HE SAYS HE'LL MAIL YOU HIS RESUME... HA HA HA HA

HA HA... TELL 'IM TO BE SURE TO INCLUDE SOME EIGHT-BY-TEN GLOSSIES!

WE ONLY WANT BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE WORKING IN OUR RESTAURANT! HA HA!



THEY ONLY WANT BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE, DOGGO!

HA HA I LOVE IT!

WELL I GUESS THAT LEAVES ME OUT SINCE I'M JUST AN UGLY DOG... I DON'T MIND... I'VE STILL GOT LONG JEAN SILVER...

SO, LISTEN—

RICH PEOPLE REALLY ARE HAPPIER THAN OTHER PEOPLE.



I GOTTA GET BACK TO MY VIDEO... LONG JEAN WAS ABOUT TO INSERT HER STUMP INTO THIS OTHER FEMALE'S CUNT WHEN YOU CALLED, SO, UH, I'M GONNA HANG UP NOW



E-EW!! YOU'RE DISGUSTING!!

SLAM



THAT GUY IS SUCH A DIRTBALL, WITH HIS YUCKY PORNO STUFF... EUCHH! I SHOULD BLOW HIM OFF, I REALLY SHOULD...

HE'S SORT OF A TRAGIC FIGURE IN A WAY... I MEAN, HE HAS A GOOD MIND... IT'S RATHER SAD TO SEE...

THAT'S TRUE... HE'S REALLY BRIL, BUT SO NEGATIVE 'N' SELF-DEFEATING! CAN I BUM A CIGARETTE, DAHLING?

AH, ANOTHER PATHETIC LOSER... TH' WORLD'S FULL OF 'EM! WHY DWELL ON IT??







OH COME ON, MODE! WE'D MAKE A GREAT TEAM!!

WITH GOOD FOOD AND GOOD MANAGEMENT, YOU CAN'T HELP BUT MAKE MONEY! THE BUSINESS WILL TAKE OFF AND RUN ITSELF - YOU'LL HAVE FINANCIAL SECURITY AND YOUR FREEDOM TO DO YER PHOTOGRAPHS... **LEVERAGE, BABE!**

HE IS SO **STICHENPID** LOOKING, BUT ANY GUY WITH A BRAND NEW JAG MUST KNOW WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT...



IT LOOKS LIKE A WINNER TO ME, ROGER... I'LL TAKE TH' PLUNGE... COUNT ME IN!

OH GOODY!

**ALRI-I-IGHT!!**

**ATTA GIRL!!**

I'LL WRITE IT UP! A LIMITED PARTNERSHIP WITH A BUY-SELL AGREEMENT - SIMPLE, STRAIGHT FORWARD, NUTS 'N' BOLTS - I'LL HAVE TH' PAPERS READY FOR YOU GALS TA SIGN BY NEXT WEEK!



OH I'M POSITIVELY **THRILLED!!** I'LL HAVE A REAL ALLY TO WORK WITH! OH, THIS IS GOING TO BE SO MUCH FUN!

I'M DEEPLY TOUCHED BY YOUR FAITH IN MY ABILITIES, MELANIE... I FEEL REALLY EMPOWERED! REHL - LY, I DO!

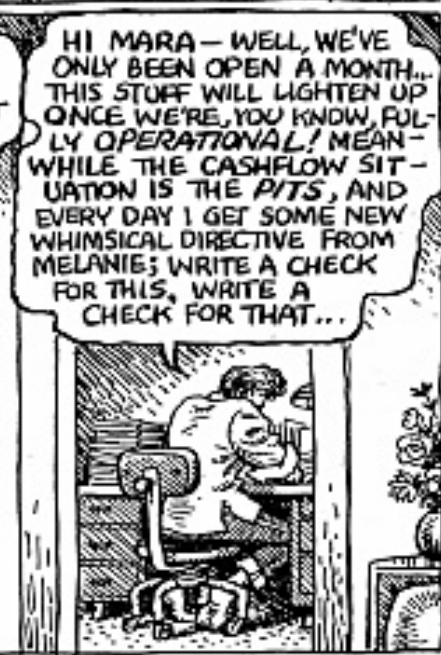
JE T'AIME, CHERI!

C'EST SUPERB!

**TOUCHE'** OPENS WITH HIGH HOPES AND PILES OF PAPER WORK!



HI MODE! HOW'S IT GOING? GOD, YOU'RE, LIKE, **CHAINED** TO THAT DESK SINCE YOU GOT INVOLVED IN THAT RESTAURANT! TAKE A BREAK, HONEY!!



HI MARA - WELL, WE'VE ONLY BEEN OPEN A MONTH... THIS STUFF WILL LIGHTEN UP ONCE WE'RE, YOU KNOW, FULLY OPERATIONAL! MEANWHILE THE CASHFLOW SITUATION IS THE PITS, AND EVERY DAY I GET SOME NEW WHIMSICAL DIRECTIVE FROM MELANIE; WRITE A CHECK FOR THIS, WRITE A CHECK FOR THAT...



WHERE MONEY'S CONCERNED, THAT WOMAN IS LIVING IN A DREAM WORLD! WELL, FUCK IT, IT'S ROGER'S MONEY, WHY SHOULD I LOSE SLEEP OVER IT?!

\*@M!!! THESE QUARTERLY TAX FORMS ARE TOTALLY INCOMP. **REHENSIBLE!** I GIVE UP!

MAKE ROGER BUY YOU A COM-PUTER! LET'S GO OUT TA EAT AN' GO TO A MOVIE!!



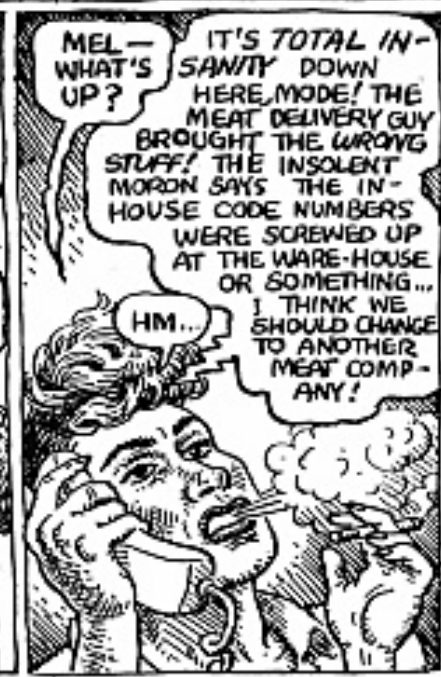
NOW YOU'RE TALKING - I'M STARVING! I'LL EAT ANYTHING EXCEPT M.S.G. CHINESE OR FRENCH, AN' I GOTTA SEE A FEEL-GOOD MOVIE TONIGHT...



I'LL LOOK IN TH' PAPER AN' SEE WHAT'S PLAYING...

**R-R-RING!**

I'LL GET IT - H'LO? HI MELANIE! SHE'S RIGHT HERE!



MEL - WHAT'S UP?

IT'S TOTAL IN-SANITY DOWN HERE, MODE! THE MEAT DELIVERY GUY BROUGHT THE WRONG STUFF! THE INSOLENT MORDON SAYS THE IN-HOUSE CODE NUMBERS WERE SCREWED UP AT THE WARE-HOUSE OR SOMETHING...

HM...

I THINK WE SHOULD CHANGE TO ANOTHER MEAT COMP-ANY!







YOU DON'T KNOW TH' HALF, SO DON'T TELL ME—HEY, I HAVE TO DRINK TO KEEP FROM SCREAMING AT THESE BRAIN-DEAD EMPLOYEES... HOW THESE PEOPLE DRESS THEMSELVES IN THE MORNING IS BEYOND ME!

MELANIE, I SCREWED UP THE RESISTER AGAIN...

REHILLY? WELL, WHY? IS IT SO HARD TO GET A HIGHER CALIBER OF WORKER?



WHERE AM I S'POSED TO FIND THEM? THEY'LL TELL YOU ANYTHING IN THEIR JOB INTERVIEW... SEE THAT GUY OVER THERE? HE'S CONVINCED HE'S GOING TO BE A ROCK STAR SOMEDAY SOON... VERY UNRELIABLE—DEVOID OF WORK ETHIC—A PATHOLOGICAL MANIC-DEPRESSIVE—WHEN HE'S "FEELIN' DOWN" HE'LL GLARE AT ME WITH HATRED AND DELIBERATELY DROP A PILE OF DISHES... I'M AFRAID OF HIM...



UNBELIEVABLE! SUCH PEOPLE! WELL, I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE! I HAVE TO GET BACK TO MY DESK, WHERE AT LEAST I FEEL SAFE!

OOP!



TOUCHE' GRINDS ON FOR ANOTHER MONTH, AND MODE DEVELOPES CHRONIC HEAD-ACHES, FOR WHICH SHE GOES TO A BIO-FEED-BACK CLINIC.

OH MY GOD, MODE! THIS CAN'T BE RIGHT! I'M GETTING A READING OF 180! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE MACHINE—THIS IS THE HIGHEST READING I'VE EVER SEEN!!

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH YOUR MACHINE...



THE DEGREE OF PENT-UP FEAR AND ANGER YOU'RE CARRYING AROUND HAS—UM—ACTUALLY—UM—INCREASED SINCE YOU STARTED COMING HERE!

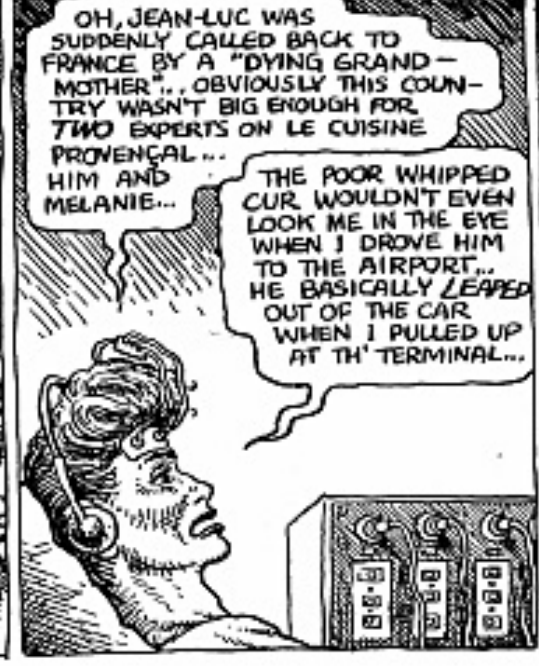
...THE THOUGHT OF THAT GODDAMN RESTAURANT AND I CAN FEEL THE MUSCLES IN MY NECK CLENCHING UP!!



THAT PLACE IS GOING DOWNHILL FAST... ESPECIALLY NOW THAT MELANIE AND TONY ARE DOING ALL THE COOKING... PLUS, I THINK THEY'RE HAVING SEX... I SAW THEM SNEAKING INTO HIS VAN ONE NIGHT AFTER CLOSING... UGH! HE'S SUCH A TOTAL SCUMBAG!

MEANWHILE, MY LOVE LIFE IS LIKE, BASICALLY NON-EXISTENT!!

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE—UM—FRENCH CHEF?



OH, JEAN-LUC WAS SUDDENLY CALLED BACK TO FRANCE BY A "DYING GRAND-MOTHER"... OBVIOUSLY THIS COUNTRY WASN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR TWO EXPERTS ON LE CUISINE PROVENCAL... HIM AND MELANIE...

THE POOR WHIPPED CUR WOULDN'T EVEN LOOK ME IN THE EYE WHEN I DROVE HIM TO THE AIRPORT... HE BASICALLY LEAPED OUT OF THE CAR WHEN I PULLED UP AT TH' TERMINAL...

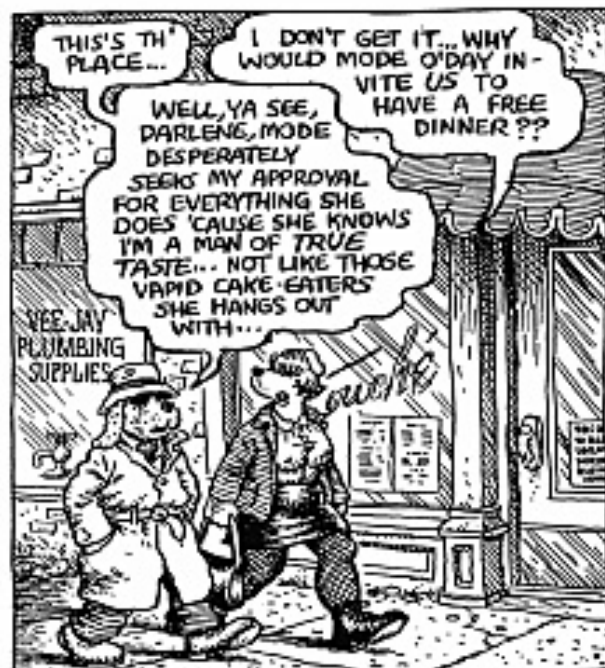


NOW THE HEALTH INSPECTOR'S FOUND SOME VIOLATIONS IN THE KITCHEN—MORE FORMS TO FILL OUT... FEES, RE-NEWALS... THERE'S NO END TO IT...

MODE, I WANT YOU TO TRY TO RELAX... LET YOURSELF BE BATHED BY THIS SOOTHING MUSIC...











DO NOT SHOUT OR I WILL HAF TA TAKE YOU OUT! BELIE DAT!

PAY OR PLAY OR MAKE MY DAY, Y'UNNASTAN? NOW EMPTY TH TILL AN' GIMME MY FILL!

Y-YES, I UNDER-S-STAND, I THINK...

IT'S INCREDIBLE THE WAY THEY CAN TALK IN RHYMES LIKE THAT!

OH, I KNOW!



LATE ONE NIGHT ABOUT A WEEK LATER

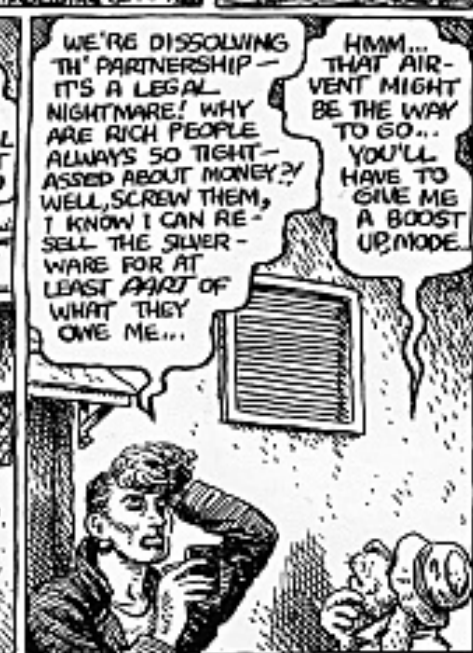
SO, TOUCHE' IS HISTORY THEN... WELL, IT WAS A NOBLE EFFORT...

THANK GOD IT'S OVER! I'VE AGED TEN YEARS THESE PAST TWO MONTHS! I DON'T HARBOR ANY BITTER FEELINGS, BUT I WANT WHAT I'M RIGHTFULLY OWED... I'LL PARK AROUND IN TH' BACK SO NO ONE'LL SEE US...



MELANIE WAS SO TRAUMATIZED BY THE ROBBERY SHE'S PUT HERSELF INTO THE A.A. 12-STEP PROGRAM! I MUST ADMIT I FIND IT HARD TO FEEL SORRY FOR HER... SHE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO SWEATED BLOOD FOR THIS PLACE!!

THIS BACK ENTRANCE IS DEAD- BOLTED FROM TH' INSIDE AN' IT'S A METAL DOOR... FORGET IT... SO ARE YOU W'HER STILL TALKING?



WE'RE DISSOLVING TH' PARTNERSHIP - IT'S A LEGAL NIGHTMARE! WHY ARE RICH PEOPLE ALWAYS SO TIGHT- ASSED ABOUT MONEY? WELL, SCREW THEM, I KNOW I CAN RE-SELL THE SILVERWARE FOR AT LEAST A PART OF WHAT THEY OWED ME...

HMM... THAT AIR-VENT MIGHT BE THE WAY TO GO... YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE ME A BOOST UP, MODE.



I'LL HAVE TO WHAT??

GIVE ME A BOOST UP TO THAT AIRVENT! I'LL CRAWL THROUGH IT AND HAND YOU OUT THE GOODS...



THAT WAS EASY! TAKE THIS NOW AN' GIMME THAT SCREWDRIIVER SO I CAN PRY TH' FAN OFF!

UHH!

PTOOEY!

COUGH! SPLUT!

DOGGO!!

CHOKES!



CLANK THUMP!

I'M IN! THROW ME TH' BAG AN' TH' FLASHLIGHT!

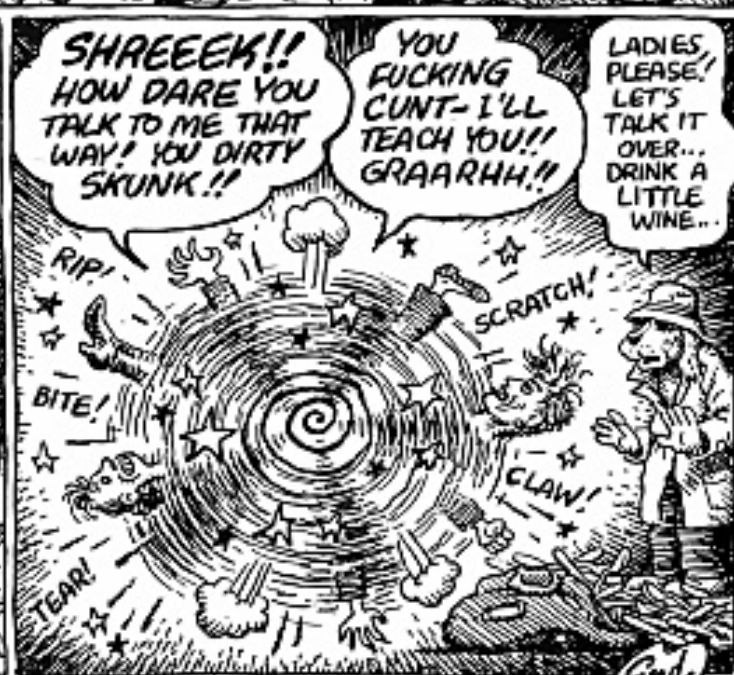
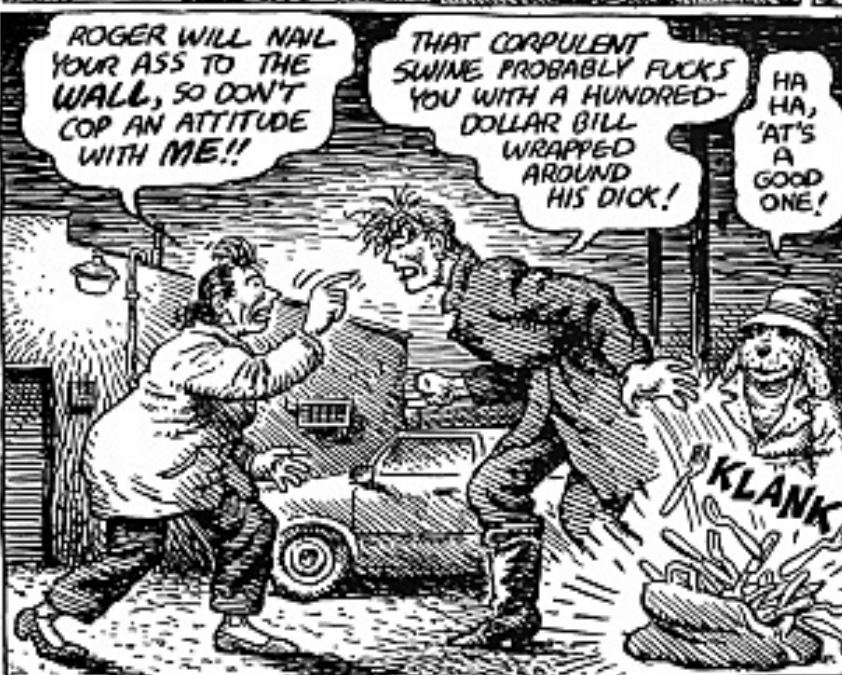
☆!!☆!  
...NEW JACKET FROM BONWIT TELLER!



HEY, CAN I TAKE A COUPLE A' THESE FANCY BOTTLES OF WINE?

DOGGO, FOR GHOD'S SAKE, HURRY UP! I THINK I HEAR A CAR COMING!





WERE THERE GUYS LIKE ME IN NEOLITHIC TIME?? ...NAH...THEY WOULDN'TA SURVIVED INTO ADULTHOOD...NATURAL SELECTION WAS A MUCH CRUELER BUSINESS THEN. YOU HADDA BE REALLY TOUGH TO MAKE IT. BUT MAYBE...MAYBE THERE WAS A MUTATION...AN EARLY "ECTOMORPH" WHO FIGURED OUT AN ANGLE...THE 1ST...

# CAVE WIMP

IT'S  
111,989  
B.C.!

-AN' WHATA  
WE GOT  
HERE? A  
PREHISTORIC  
PROTOTYPE  
NEUROTIC!



© 1988 by R. LINDNER. ART BY M. CRUMB

ON THOSE PRIMITIVE TIMES THE WOMEN EXPECTED A HIGH DEGREE OF **AGGRESSION** IN THEIR MEN!



THEY HAD VERY LITTLE PATIENCE FOR ANYTHING LESS THAN A SHOW OF TOTAL FIERCENESS IN THE MALE!











NOTHING BUT THESE ACUTE PANGS  
OF HUNGER COULD COMPEL ME  
TO GO DOWN THERE AND HAGGLE  
WITH THAT BUNCH OF  
MURDEROUS  
SAVAGES.....



...SURE HOPE THOSE  
ADULT MALES DON'T NOTICE ME...  
THEY'LL GIVE ME SHIT...  
ESPECIALLY THAT BIGGEST ONE OF  
THE GROUP... THAT BULLY HAS  
TRIED TO CHASE ME DOWN AND  
KILL ME ON PREVIOUS  
OCCASIONS... FUCKING  
PRICK!!

GOTTA  
WATCH  
MYSELF...



GASP!  
HERE'S MY  
CHANCE!

PROOL  
SALIVATE

GRRNH

WUH



GOT  
IT!!

WHEW!

GIMME!

SNATCH!



PHHHT!

HEH  
HEH  
HEH



I'LL BEAT IT  
BACK TO MY HOLE  
WHERE I CAN GNAW  
ON THIS BONE  
IN PEACE...

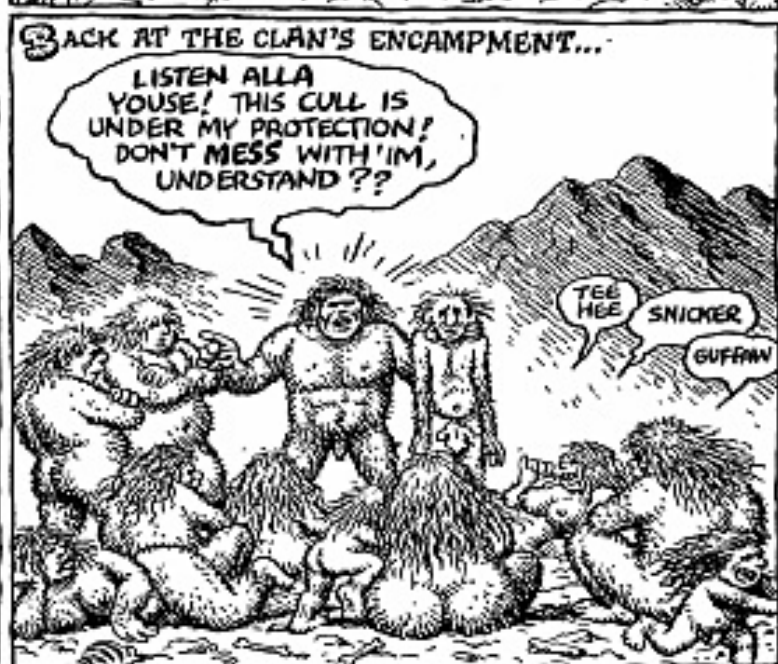
OUCH!  
THESE JAGGED  
ROCKS ARE HELL  
ON MY TENDER  
PUPPIES!  
OW!!!









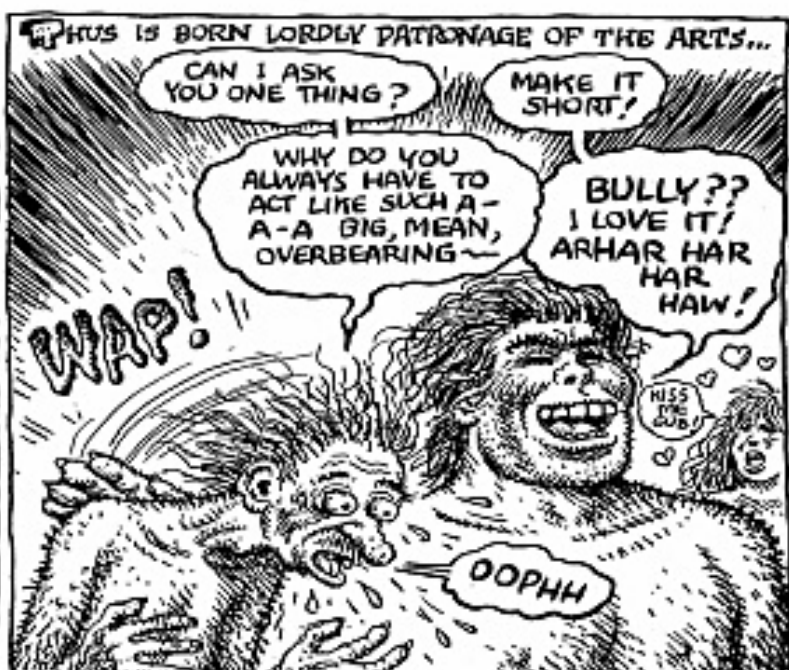






I DON'T GET IT... HOW COME YOU'RE BEIN' NICE TO ME ALL OF A SUDDEN? YOU WOULDN'T LET MOG KILL ME AN' NOW YOU—

**SHUT UP, FAGGOT!**  
LISTEN, MAKE ME MORE O' THESE LITTLE WOMEN THINGS AN' I'LL LET YOU LIVE WITH TH' GROUP, SEE?



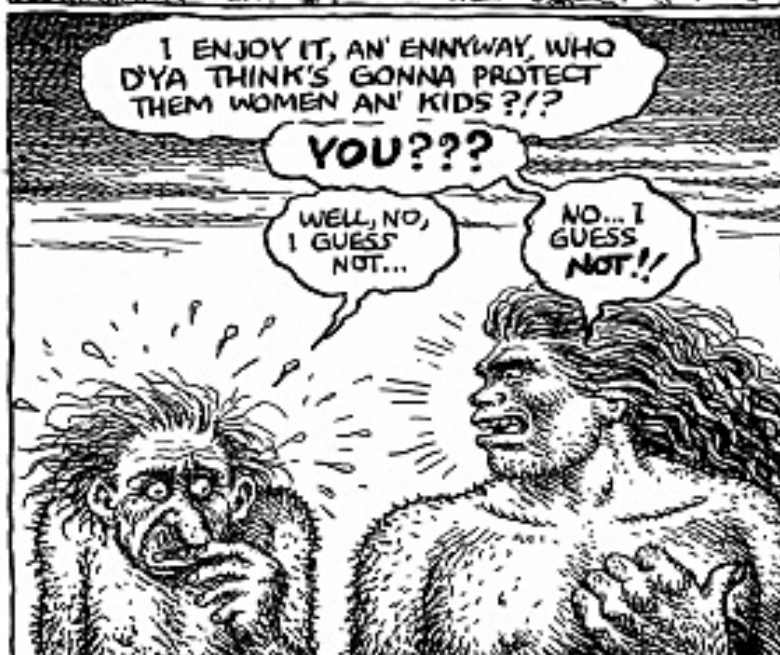
**WAP!**

WHY DO YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO ACT LIKE SUCH A— A— A BIG, MEAN, OVERBEARING—

MAKE IT SHORT!

**BULLY??**  
I LOVE IT!  
ARHAR HAR HAR HAW!

**DOOPHH**



I ENJOY IT, AN' ENNYWAY, WHO D'YA THINK'S GONNA PROTECT THEM WOMEN AN' KIDS???

**YOU???**

WELL, NO, I GUESS NOT...

NO... I GUESS NOT!!



...THINK YOU'RE SO FUCKIN' SMART... MISTER DEEP THINKER... DON' KNOW JACK SHIT ABOUT THE REAL WORLD....

**GET TO WORK**  
OR I'LL FEED YA TO TH' DOGS!!

GOD DON'T BE SO MEAN!

HE'S RIGHT—I'VE BEEN SUCH A FOOL!

ALRIGHT...



HEY YOU! GO ROUND ME UP SOME ROOTS!!

WHY, CERTAINLY, GREK! I'LL BE HAPPY TO!

WELL, HURRY IT UP! I'M HUNGRY!

**SHOO!**

**GO ON! SCAT!**



I THINK THAT GREK IS STARTING TO LIKE ME—I'LL BRING HER MANY FINE ROOTS—ONLY THE BEST!

IF I PLEASE HER MAYBE SHE'LL LET ME HAVE SEX WITH HER... OH VAIN HOPE... SHE'S SO BEAUTIFUL...

**TEE HEE**

**GIGGLE CHORTLE**



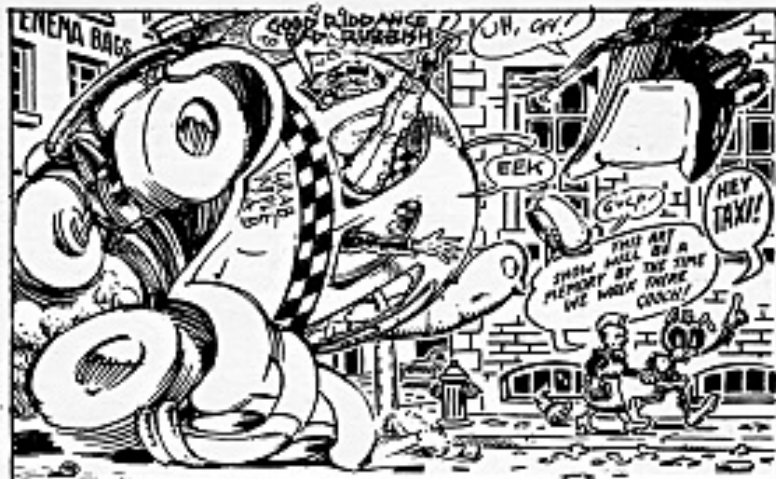














R. CRUMB, "THE OLD OUTSIDER," GOES TO THE...

# ACADEMY AWARDS

COMMISSIONED BY  
AND FIRST PRINTED IN  
FRONTIER MAGAZINE

HUP!

POVERTY, POETRY AND  
NEW TITLES OF HONOR  
AND MEN RIDICULOUS  
AND MEN RIDICULOUS  
AND MEN RIDICULOUS

HEY, HOW 'BOUT THESE ACADEMY AWARDS!? THIS MAGAZINE HIRED ME TO COVER THE BIG EVENT, AND SENT ME A TICKET!!

A TICKET TO THE OSCARS! AREN'T YOU EXCITED? NAH... IT'S A JOB...

WOW, DAD! YOU'RE GONNA BE IN TH' SAME ROOM WITH TOM HANKS!!

CATCH MY FEET!

IT WAS A JOB, AND ONE EITHER... FIRST, I HAD TO FLY TO LOS ANGELES, AND STAY IN THAT HATEFUL MEGA-LOPOLIS FOR TWO ENTIRE DAYS!!

I GUESS PEOPLE LIKE IT HERE BECAUSE YOU CAN MAKE ALOT OF MONEY...

AND THE BIG DAY IS ON! JEEZIZ, WHAT A SCENE! LINES OF POLICEMEN KEPT THE MOB FROM POURING OVER BARRICADES TO WHERE THE LIMOS WERE LETTING OUT THE MOVIE STARS...

THIS CROWD TOOK AN ACTIVE PART! CHEERING LUSTILY WHENEVER A FAMOUS CELEBRITY GOT OUT OF A LIMOUSINE... THEY SCREAMED LOUDEST FOR CELLULOID HERO OF THE DAY TOM CRUISE...

KAAAAEEFF AND HERE HE IS! HEY TOM!

PERSONALLY, THE SCENE BEHIND THE BARRICADES WAS BY FAR THE MORE INTERESTING PART OF THE WHOLE CIRCUS...



GROUPS OF ANGRY PROTESTERS HELD UP SIGNS AND CHANTED THEIR GRIEVANCES, BUT NOBODY WAS PAYING ATTENTION, EXCEPT THE COPS, WHO KEPT THEM WELL IN THE BACKGROUND...



LARGE TREES IN POTS WERE SET UP TO HIDE THESE UNSIGHTLY DEMONSTRATORS FROM THE TV CAMERAS... ANYWAY, THAT'S WHAT I THINK THEY WERE FOR...



WELL, IT WAS GETTING TO BE TIME TO GO IN... I CUT ACROSS TO THE OTHER SIDE, WAVING MY "GOLDEN TICKET" AT THE COPS.



...AND THERE I WAS, WALKING ON THE RED CARPET WITH THE MOVIE STARS... I FELT ILL AT EASE IN THE EXTREME, AND VERY EMBARRASSED FOR ALL OF HUMANITY.





"TO BE AN ARTIST" MEANS NEVER TO AVERT ONE'S EYES." SO SAYETH KUROSAWA, BUT I COULDN'T LOOK AT THE PEOPLE... I LOOKED DOWN AT MY FEET... IMAGES OF THE OSCAR WERE WOVEN INTO THE RED CARPET.



INSIDE, THE FILM FOLK WERE SHMOOZING IN THE LOUNGE AREA... I COWERED IN A CORNER, OBSERVING... THE ROOM WAS CHARGED WITH A HIGH VOLTAGE LEVEL OF POWER AND AMBITION... THEY ALL WANTED TO WIN SO BAD! ANXIETY STEAMED OUT OF THEIR EARS! ONCE IN A WHILE SOMEONE WOULD EYE ME SUSPICIOUSLY. THEY KNEW I WASN'T ONE OF THEM, SO WHAT WAS I DOING THERE? HOW DID I GET IN? I EXPECTED ANY MOMENT TO BE KICKED OUT IN THE STREET...



THEY STOOD AROUND TALKING CATAGORIES... LOTS OF "GOOD LUCK," "SAME TA YOU," HUGGING, ARM-AROUND, BACK MASSAGE... THEY LOVE EACH OTHER—YOU COULD TELL...

THE MEN ALL STUCK THEIR CHESTS OUT... MANY OF THEM HAD VERY HARD FACES... THEY LOOKED LIKE KILLERS... LIKE—GANGSTERS!! IT'S A HIGH-STAKES BUSINESS, THE MOVIES... (I DUNNO... MAYBE THEY WERE JUST CHARACTER ACTORS...)



AND THE WOMEN—OH LORD SAVE ME—THE WOMEN WERE TRULY TERRIFYING, WITH ALL THEIR "GLAMOUR," THEIR PREDATORY EYES, THEIR CRUEL, LIPSTICKED MOUTHS... EEK!

I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE ANY STARS EXCEPT SPIKE LEE, WHO SEEMED TO BE WANDERING AROUND BY HIMSELF LOOKING LOST. I THOUGHT OF SAYING SOMETHING TO HIM BUT DIDN'T...



THEN IT WAS TIME TO GO TO YOUR SEAT...FOR THE NEXT THREE HOURS I WAS TRAPPED IN A BAD TV SHOW...



EVERYBODY PLAYED THEIR PART... WHEN THE BLIND-INGLY BRIGHT APPLAUSE SIGN FLASHED ON, THEY ALL OBEDIENTLY DID AS IT SAID... NOBODY REBELLED... NOBODY CAUSED TROUBLE...



FINALLY, I COULDN'T TAKE IT ANY MORE... I STARTED FEELING LIKE WHEN I WAS A KID TRYING TO MAKE IT THROUGH EASTER HIGH MASS...



I FLED FROM THE AUDITORIUM... OUTSIDE, THE FANS WERE STILL IN THE BLEACHERS, WAITING FOR THEIR STARS TO COME OUT SO THEY COULD SCREAM AT THEM AGAIN...



I WALKED OFF DOWN THE AVENUE AND INTO THE NIGHT... WHICH NEVER GETS DARK IN L.A.



HOME, SWEET HOME...





# ODE TO HARVEY KURTZ

by R. CRUMB

©1989

I REMEMBER WHEN I SAW THE FIRST ISSUE OF MAD IN A MAGAZINE STORE, OCTOBER, 1952... I WAS NINE YEARS OLD... IT MADE A DEEP IMPRESSION...



A YEAR OR TWO PASSED... I GREW OLDER... THE COVER OF MAD #11 CHANGED THE WAY I SAW THE WORLD FOREVER!



FROM THEN ON I READ MAD REGULARLY, BUT ONLY IN THE STORE... BRINGING A COPY HOME WAS UNTHINKABLE...



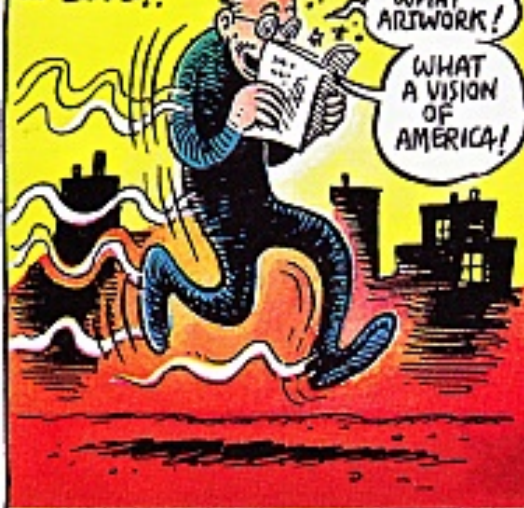
AFTER MAD TURNED INTO A MAGAZINE IT WAS HARD TO FIND AND I LOST TRACK OF IT, BUT THEN ONE DAY IN 1957 AT THE LOCAL SODA SHOP I SAW HUM-BUG #2 SITTING IN THE MAGAZINE RACK.



THAT COVER WAS THE HEAVIEST CULTURAL ARTIFACT I HAD EVER SEEN! I WAS SENT!!



FROM THAT MOMENT I BECAME A RABID FAN OF HARVEY KURTZMAN... I LIVED, BREATHED AND ATE THE PAGES OF HIS MAGAZINES... I WAS TRULY IN LOVE!!



I HAD TO HAVE THEM ALL... I ROAMED THE ALLEYS LOOKING IN TRASH CANS FOR OLD ISSUES FROM 1955 & '56... THEM THINGS WERE DOGGONE HARD TO FIND!



I HAD DREAMS OF IMAGINARY ISSUES OF MAD MAGAZINES I WAS MISSING!





I ASPIRED TO DRAW LIKE THE MAD-HUMBAG ARTISTS, AND WRITE SATIRE LIKE KURTZMAN... IT WAS TOUGH...

HM—PRETTY GOOD... NOT BAD FOR A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD...

...KINDA STOOPID, ACKSHULLY...



IT WAS VERY FRUSTRATING... I WAS A RANK AMATEUR....

I GIVE UP!!

HOW DO THEY DO IT?!

I'LL NEVER BE A PRO!!



FIVE OR SIX YEARS PASSED... I GREW OLDER... I SENT ONE OF MY FUNNY ANIMAL CARTOONS TO KURTZMAN, WHO WAS THEN EDITING HELP MAGAZINE... ONE DAY A REPLY ARRIVED; MY FIRST COMMUNICATION FROM MY HERO!!

HE LIKES MY CARTOON!!



SUMMER OF '64... SOMEHOW I ENDED UP IN NEW YORK WORKING AS ASSISTANT TO THE ASSISTANT EDITOR OF HELP... I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY GOOD FORTUNE...

CRUMB, YOU NUTCASE, CAN YOU RUN THIS OVER TO HARRY CHESTER FOR ME?

SURE HARVEY!



HARVEY WAS A MENTOR TO ME DURING THIS PERIOD. HE GAVE ME LOTS OF ENCOURAGEMENT AND SOUND ADVICE ABOUT THE CARTOONING AND COMMERCIAL ART GAME AND COPING WITH THE WORLD IN GENERAL.

SHMICK! WHATAYA DOING?? WHO EVER HEARD OF MAYO ON A CORN-BEEF SANDWICH!! HOW GOYISH CAN Y' GET?!

HUH?



HE HELPED ME GET WORK AND EVEN OFFERED ME A JOB DOING BACKGROUNDS FOR THE BEAUTIFULLY WATER-COLORED LITTLE ANNIE FANNY STORIES HE WAS DOING FOR PLAYBOY... I SPENT WEEKS TRYING TO LEARN THE TECHNIQUE...

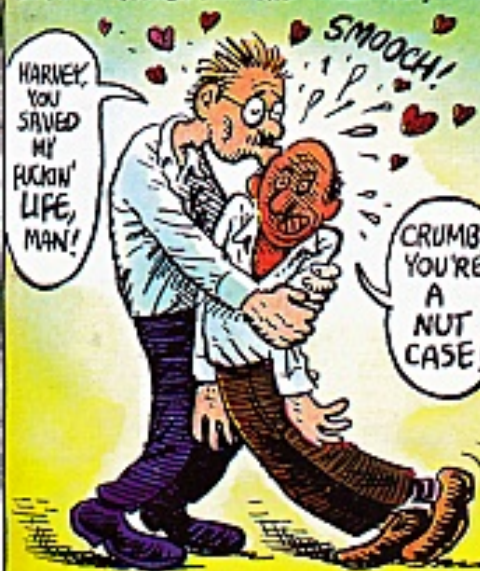
THIS LOOKS SHITTY!

I GIVE UP!

I'LL NEVER BE A PRO!!



EVEN THOUGH I'VE MADE A NAME IN MY OWN RIGHT I STILL FEEL LIKE A WORSHIPFUL FANBOY IN HIS PRESENCE!



YEARS WENT BY... I GREW OLDER... IT'S 1989. HARVEY CALLED AND INVITED ME TO ILLUSTRATE ONE OF THE STORIES FOR THIS BOOK PRESS PUBLICATIONS WAS DOING. I WAS THRILLED TO HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO WORK FROM HARVEY'S GREAT PENCIL LAYOUTS—JUST LIKE ELDER, WOOD AND DAVIS!

HM... PRETTY GOOD... NOT BAD FOR A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD...



MAN, IT WAS TOUGH!



end

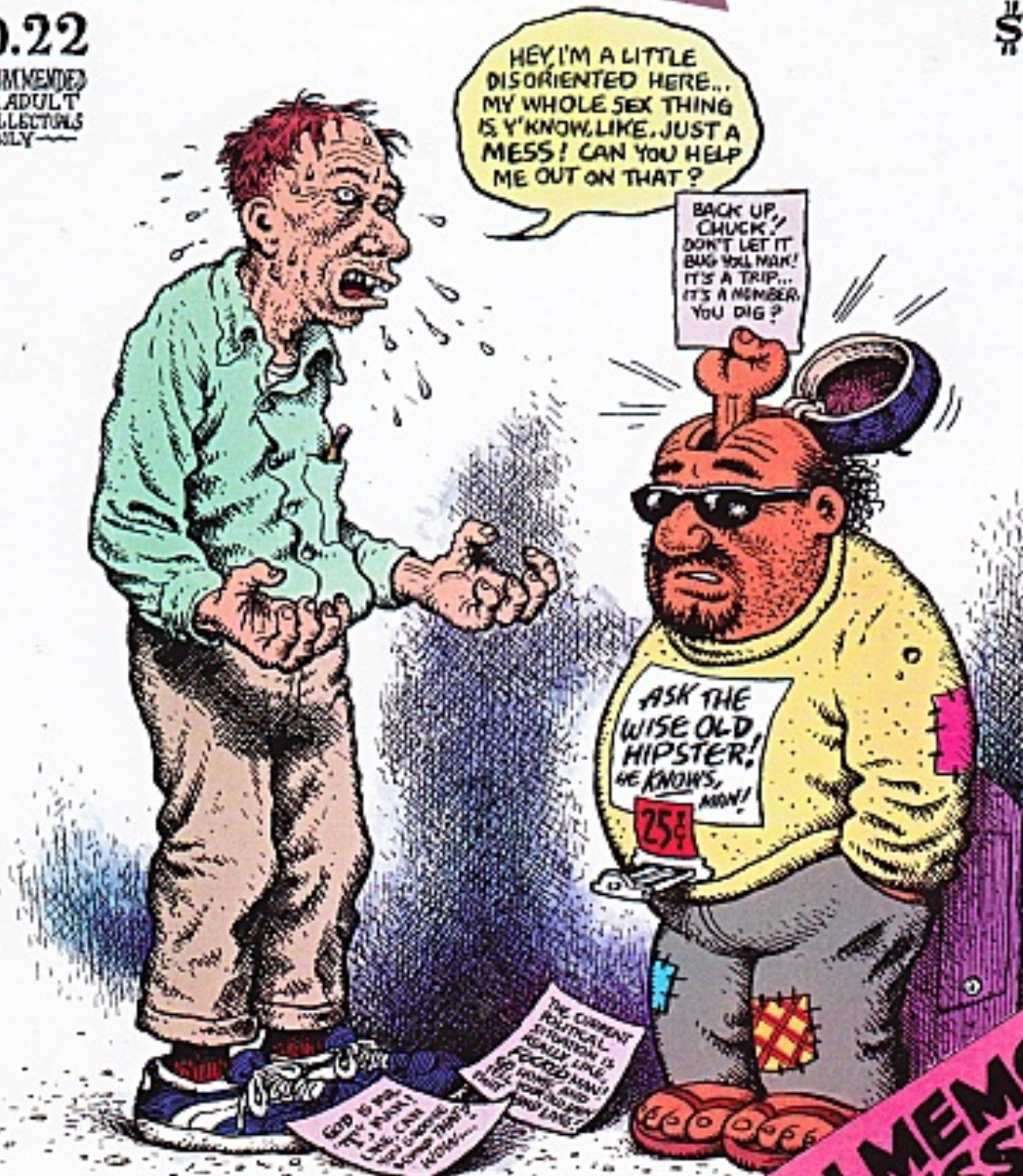


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**DORI MEMORIAL  
ISSUE**

R. CRUMB '88





THIS A KILLER FUNNY BOOK, DUDE!

#23

ADULTS ONLY

LIKE,  
SOME  
RILLY  
AWESOME  
SHIT,  
DUDE!

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BETTER'N  
A 12-PACK O'  
SCHEFFER,  
MAN!!

BATGIRL  
BIG BITCH  
POWERBOOK-EE  
LITTLE LILLY  
OLIVE 'N' BOB

"MY FIRST  
SUMMER JOB

ROLL  
TH' FUKIN'  
THING  
UP AN'  
RAM IT  
DOWN  
HER  
THROAT,  
MAN!

SEARCH  
FOR  
LOVE!!

KICK  
FUCKIN'  
ASS  
COMIX  
BASICALLY  
ABOUT LIFE  
AN' SHIT  
(FRIENDS,  
GIRLS, ETC.)

THE  
BRAIN  
R. CRIME  
1988





# WISARD

SATANIC  
PUNISHING  
ADULTS  
ONLY

NO. 24

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THE  
MAGAZINE  
THAT  
CHALLENGES  
SUPERSTITIOUS  
BELIEFS!!

AH COME  
ON! READ  
IT! WHAT  
THE HELL!

RIGHT  
HERE!

WHATAYA  
SCARED??  
IT'S ALL IN  
YER MIND!

HA  
HA HA



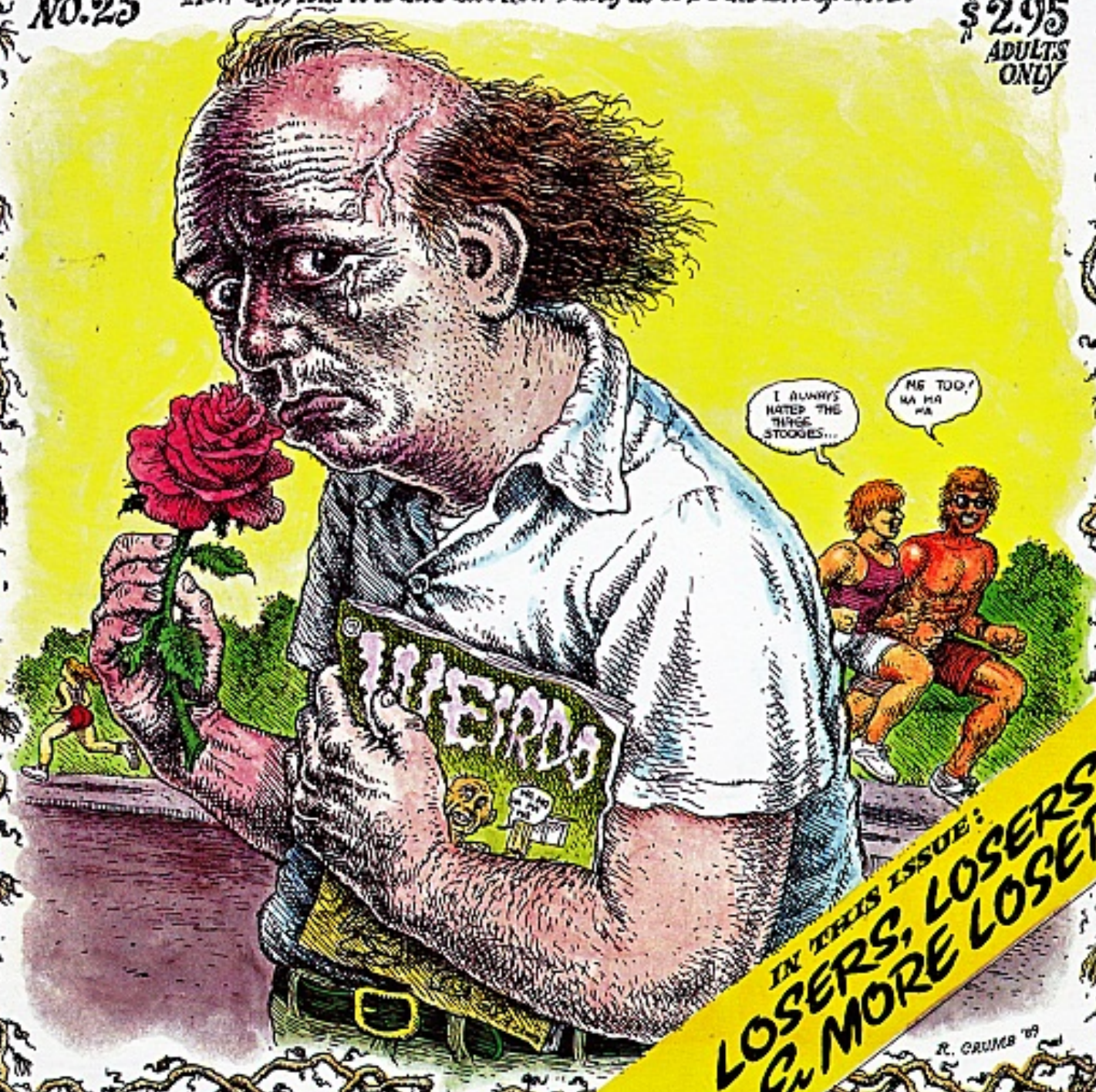




# Wasted

NO.25 "How Glorious it is and also how Painful to be an Exception!"

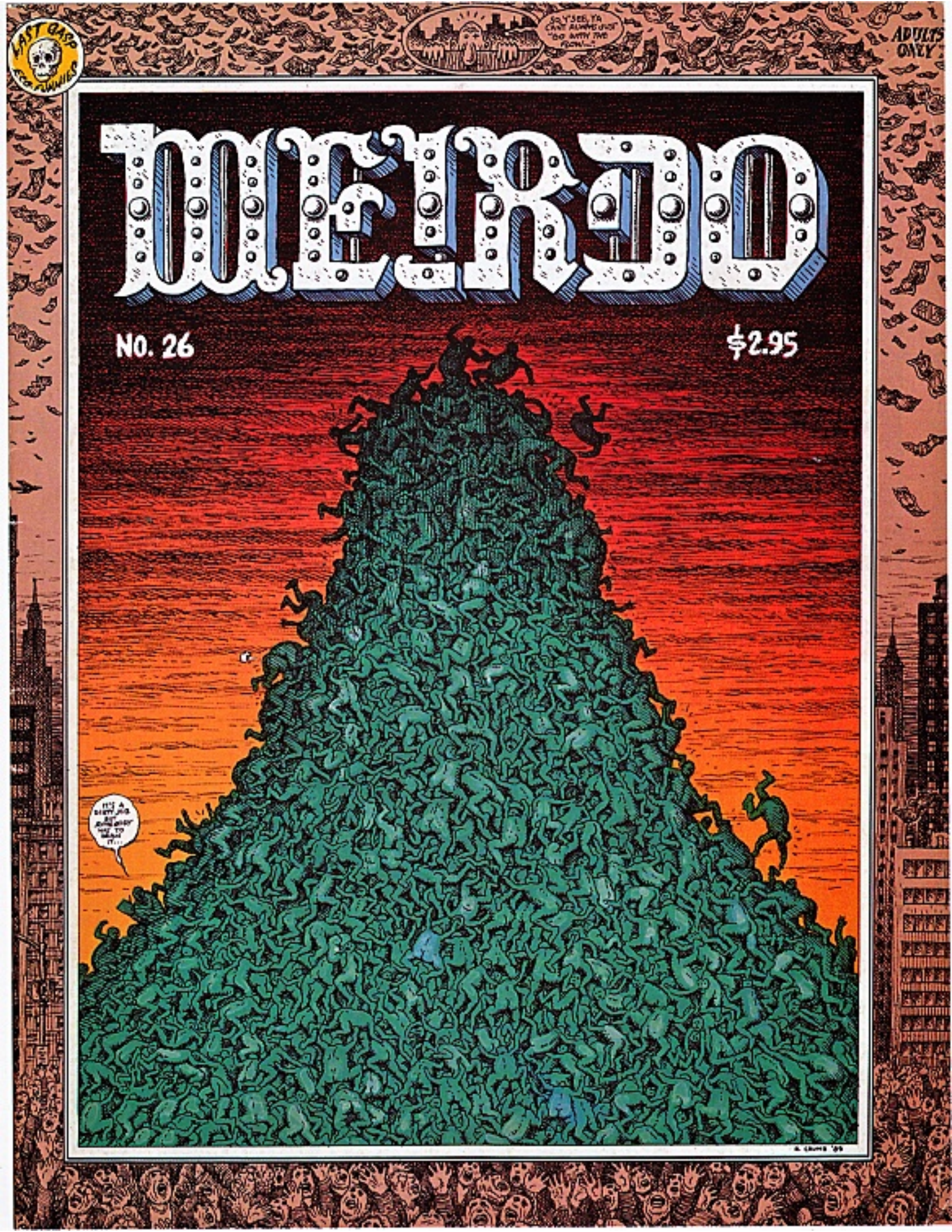
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ADULTS  
ONLY



IN THIS ISSUE:  
**LOSERS, LOSERS  
& MORE LOSERS**

R. CRUMB '89





SOYSEE, TA  
CAN'T ALIVE JUST  
"GO WITH THE  
FLOW"

ADULTS  
ONLY

# MEERD

No. 26

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IT'S A  
BLOOD JOB  
BUT SOMEHOW  
WE'VE TO  
MAKE IT...

A. LAMB 89



# WAMPDO



NO.27

KEEP IT AWAY FROM GRANDMA AND THE KIDS

\$3.75?!

YEAH, BUT MORE PAGES, OKAY??

ORANGE JULIUS!

WHAT?! WHY YOU—



JULIE DOUCET · CAROL LAY · S. CLAY WILSON · LINDSAY ARNOLD · ALINE · BRUCE DUNCAN & MANY MORE!

AND YOURS TRULY  
© R. CRUMB  
1984



EroRmOisx

**RIP THE LID OFF THE...**

**\$2.50**

\$3.25  
IN CANADA

**NO. 1**

**ADULTS  
ONLY**



FUCK 'EM  
AN' CUT  
THEIR  
HEADS OFF!  
HYEAHN!



BY R.  
"HE'LL NEVER  
GROW UP"  
CRUMB



E\_oR\_mO\_iS\_x

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\$3.95  
CANADA

**OH NO! KEEP IT IN THE PANTS!!**

**IT'S  
THE...**

**ADULTS  
ONLY  
NO.2**

**LOD**

I'VE  
CHURNED THIS  
BOZO'S BRAIN  
TO A PULPY  
MUSH! HA  
HA HA HA

LET ME  
OUT OF  
HERE!

YAAHH!

OH  
LORD!

EEEEAH!

LOOK  
OUT!

OH  
MY  
GOD!  
WHAT  
IS IT?!

R. CRUMB '90



BIGGER  
AND HOTTER  
THAN EVER!

# PENN AND TELLER GET LAID

Cooze Chronicles/Suck-Bunny Secrets/Slant-Eyed Sluts

# SCREW

\$1.95

THE SEX REVIEW

NUMBER 1,076

WE WENT FOR A  
HIKE IN THE  
COUNTRY...

I DON'T UNDER-  
STAND WHY I  
LIKE THIS... I  
KNOW IT'S NOT  
POLITICALLY  
CORRECT  
SEXUAL  
BEHAVIOR...

I DON'T  
FEEL  
DISGRACED...  
SO I GUESS  
IT'S OKAY...

I THINK  
IT EXCITES ME  
BECAUSE HE'S  
SO INTO IT...  
SO I'M NOT A  
MASCOTIST...  
I'M A PARASITE...  
THAT'S WHAT  
I AM!!

EAT  
TOOTH

HYEAHHH



She was deeply trou-  
bled by her own il-  
licit desires!!

COVER: ROBERT CRUMB

© R. CRUMB

WARNING: Sexual material of an adult nature. This literature is not intended for minors and under no circumstances are they to view it, possess it, or place orders for merchandise offered herein.



**PATRIOTIC  
PORN!**

**GUIDE TO THE MOST TORRID TOPLESS CLUBS**

**Jungle Bunny Jamboree/Henry Miller's Darkest Secrets**

# SCREW

\$2.00

THE SEX REVIEW

NUMBER 1,166



Cover: ROBERT CRUMB

WARNING: Sexual material of an adult nature. This literature is not intended for minors and under no circumstances are they to view it, possess it, or place orders for merchandise offered herein.





**Y'SAY Y'WANT  
MORE FOR YER  
MONEY? GET...**

**MORE  
SNICKERS  
PER PAGE!**



**FEATURING:**



**R. CRUMB**



**ALINE**



**KANSAS CITY FRANK**



**PATRICIA PIG**



**GOOSE**

**BETTER  
DRAWINGS**

**A RIP-OFF!**

**DREK!**

**POORLY DRAWN!  
DULL STORIES!**

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U'L'L' FUNNYBOOK  
THIS SIDE O'  
WESTERN  
SNIVELIZATION!**

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R. CRUMB '82





# RAW

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a full-length  
adventure!

**EYESORE**

a sketchbook by  
Gary Panter

**OUT OF AFRICA**

paintings by  
Cheri Samba

**COLLABORATIONS**

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Tom DeHaven

Jose Munoz &  
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Kim Deitch &  
Simon Deitch

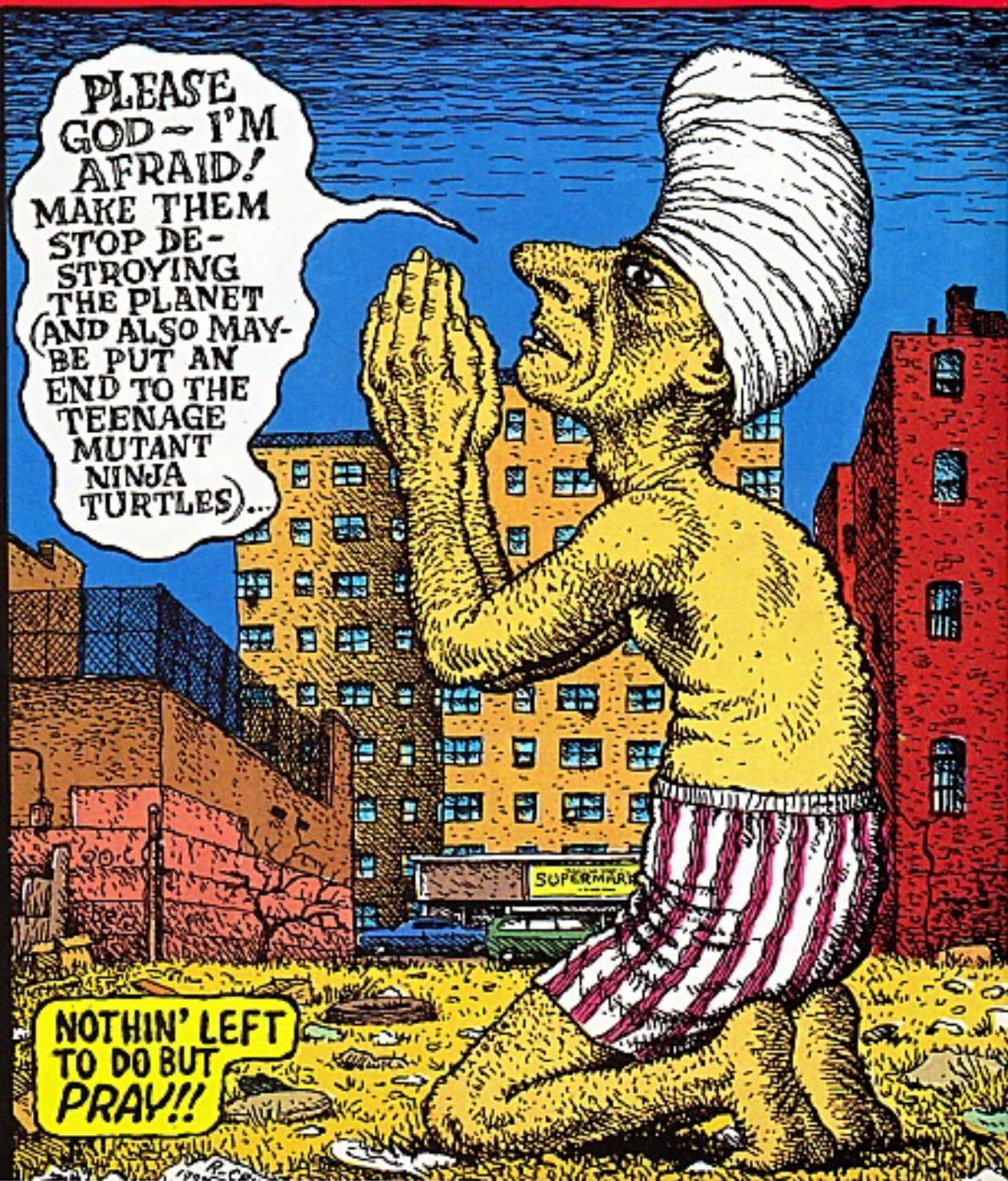
**MAUS**



the penultimate  
chapter!  
art spiegelman

PLEASE  
GOD - I'M  
AFRAID!  
MAKE THEM  
STOP DE-  
STROYING  
THE PLANET  
(AND ALSO MAY-  
BE PUT AN  
END TO THE  
TEENAGE  
MUTANT  
NINJA  
TURTLES)...

NOTHIN' LEFT  
TO DO BUT  
**PRAY!!**





R. Crumb draws the

# \$ Miss



Robert Crumb



# The COMPLETE CRUMB

## COMICS







MR. NATURAL, FLAKEY FOONT & "DEVIL GIRL"

R. CRUMB '91

R. Crumb



# LE MONDE SELON CRUMB



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# Happy 9th Birthday Sophie!

AW! MY  
LITTLE GIRL  
IS GROWING  
UP!

NO, SHE'LL  
ALWAYS BE OUR  
BABY!

SMOOCH  
SMORP

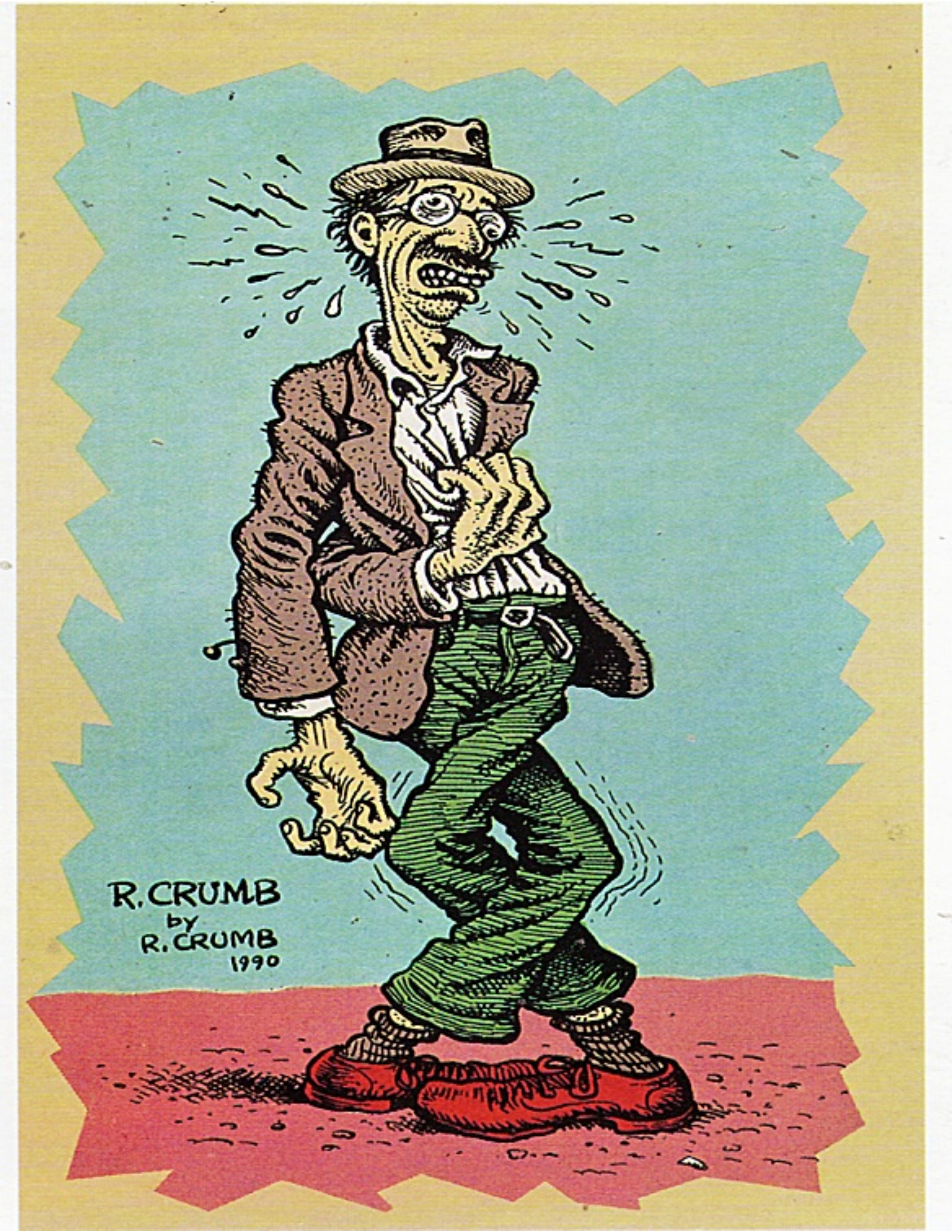






*From those two Wacky Zany  
Parental Units That  
Love You So Much!!*





R. CRUMB  
by  
R. CRUMB  
1990



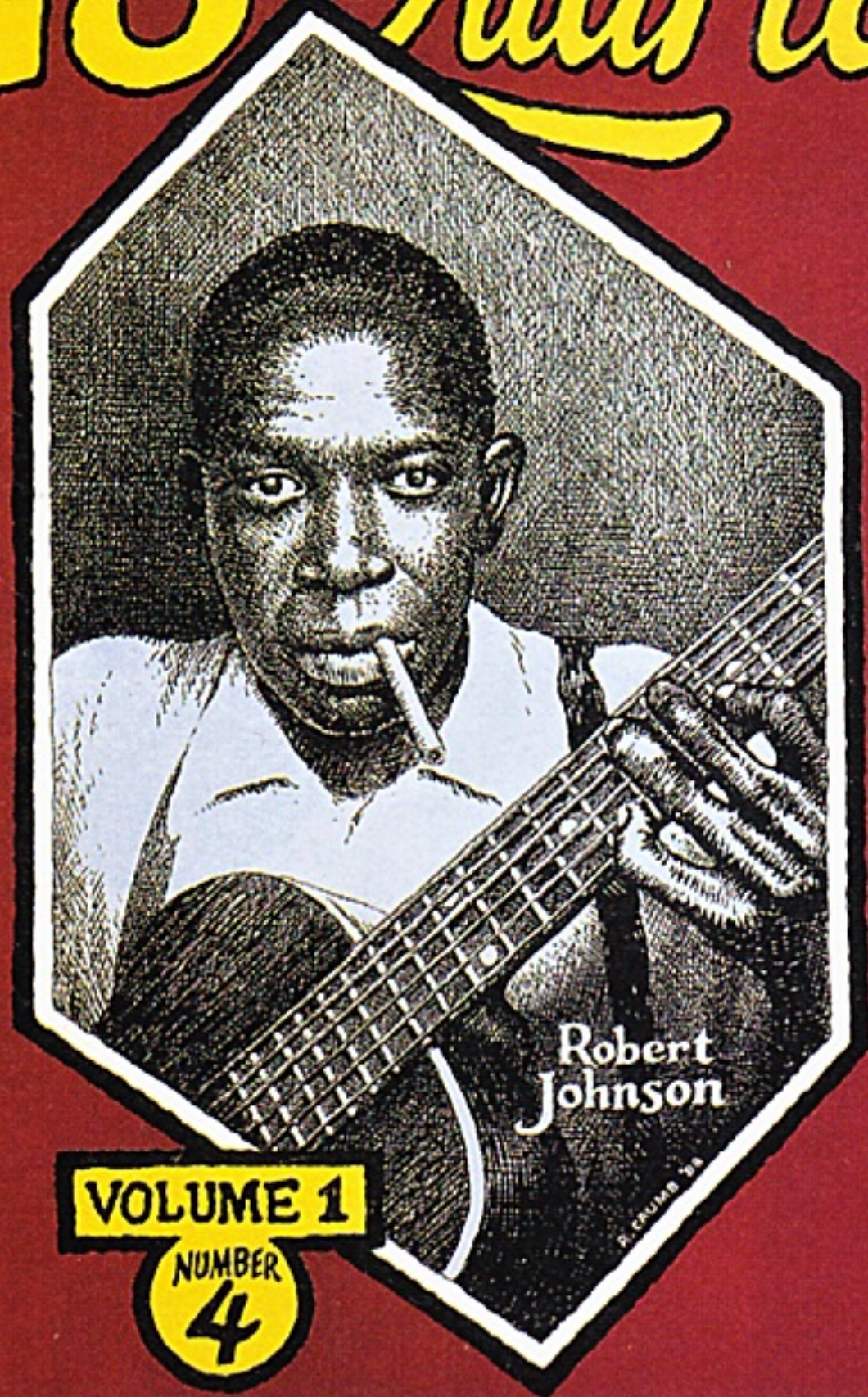
**FUN**

HNYEAHAAHA...





# 78 Quarterly



**VOLUME 1**

NUMBER

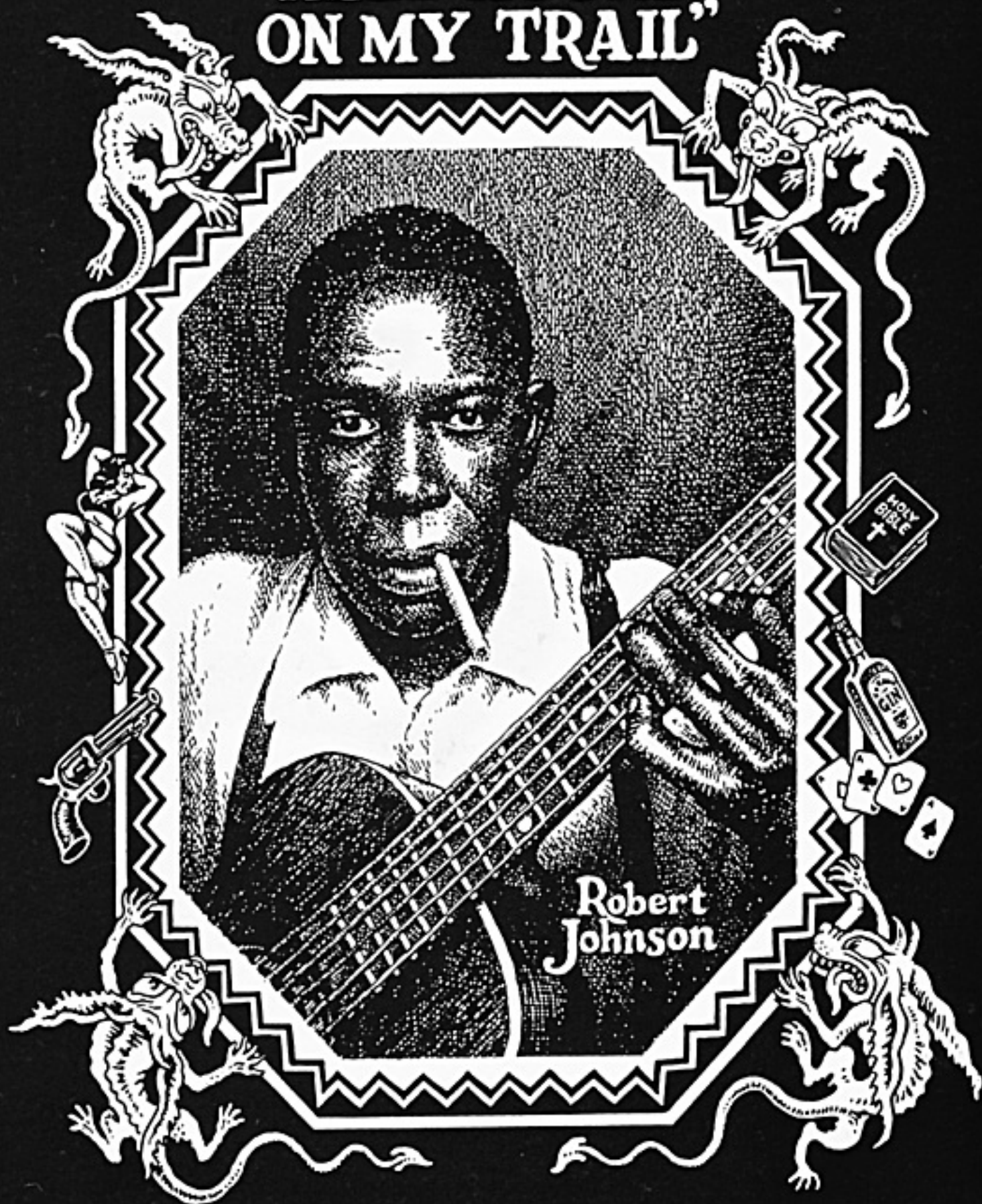
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See  
Page 40  
for  
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photo  
of  
Robert  
Johnson

**\$6.95**



# "HELL HOUND ON MY TRAIL"



R. CRUMB





DE  
**BAL MUSEITE**

OCT  
4-11



**LES GARS DE  
MENILMUCHE**

LE VIRTUEUX DE L'ISCA  
ACCORDEMENT  
MUSIQUE

R. CRUMB '91





R. CRUMB '91

## MARILYN MONTREUIL &amp; MARILYN

paroles JÉRÔME SAVARY musique DAVID TELL

Illustration GUY BOUTEUX photo MAR PATRICK Illustration CRUMB pochette PASCAL BÉGIN pochette TOUT MOUCHE

Le spectacle MARILYN MONTREUIL &amp; MARILYN a été créé au THÉÂTRE NATIONAL DE CHARENTA le 13 octobre 1991

COLUMBIA

14 août 91

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**GÉRARD  
DÔLE**

*with*  
**DEWEY BALFA  
CANRAY FONTENOT  
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732-A

Jane Green

## "WILD ROMANTIC BLUES"

1. Wild Romantic Blues 2. The Blues  
Have Got Me 3. You Went Away Too Far  
4. Won't Be Long! 5. Ida - I Do  
6. Somebody Like You  
7. My Castle In Spain

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"THERE CAN BE NO COMPROMISE WITH PURITY OF TONE."  
SUPERBATONE RECORD COMPANY  
VENICE, CALIF.



# CAROLINE'S

PROGRAM PAGES 19 & 22

MAY 1990

# LAUGH TRACK

...BUT SERIOUSLY,  
AM I SHAKING? IS  
IT OBVIOUS?? IF ONLY  
I COULD REMEMBER  
MY MATERIAL... I—I  
NEVER COULD TELL  
A JOKE... IZZAT OKAY?  
THANK YOU... YOU'RE  
A VERY CIVILIZED  
AUDIENCE... I HATE  
IT WHEN I HAVE TO  
CALL FOR SECURITY...  
YEAH, SO, UH, AWRIGHT...  
LOVE YA... HAVE  
A GOOD ONE, AN'  
... LIKE THAT...



R. CRUMB '90

## SIXTIES-ISH

FEATURING: R. CRUMB & MR. NATURAL'S SHARP COMEBACKS  
AND DR. TIMOTHY LEARY'S RETURN TRIP



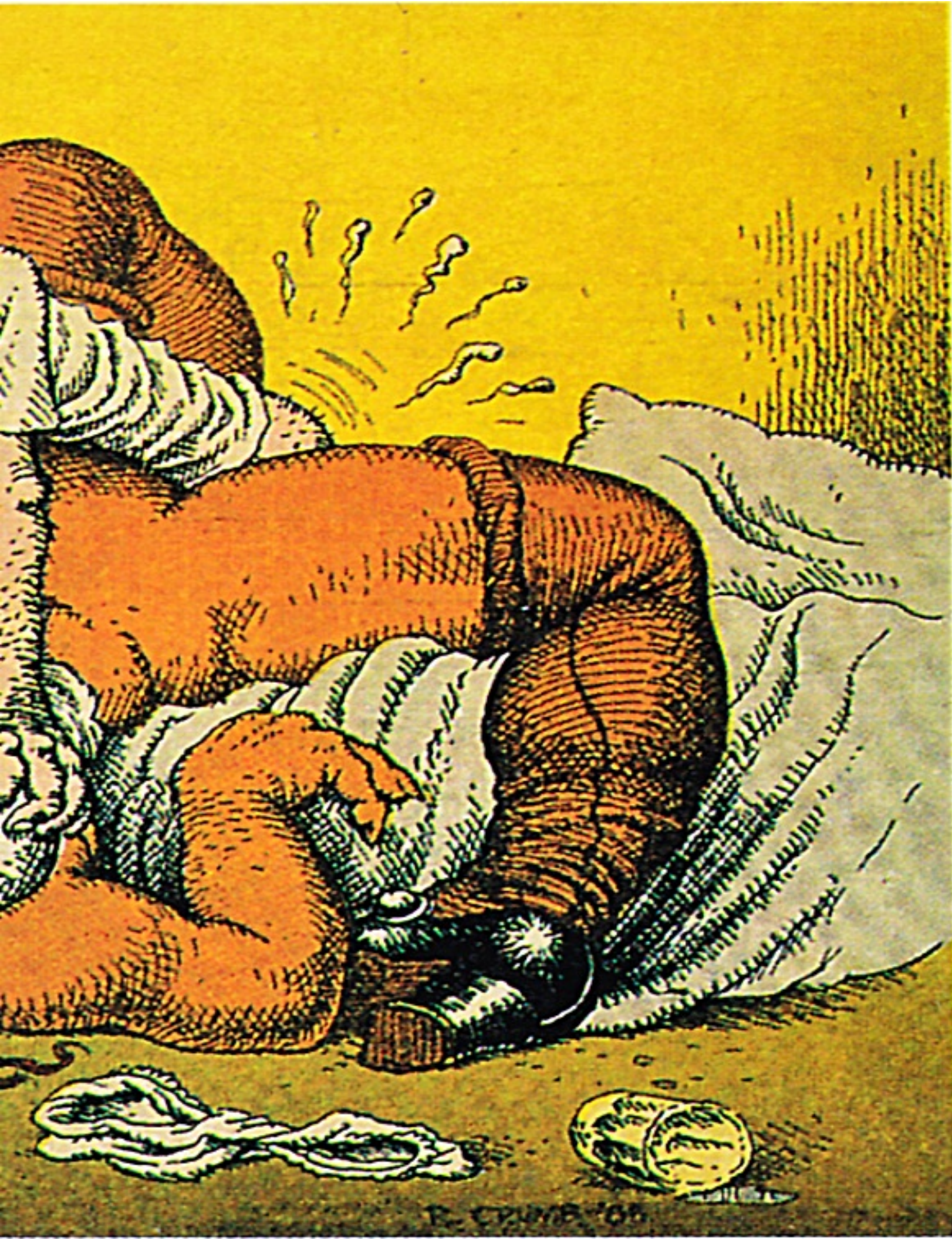
OOH  
AWH

SHE'S A  
SAVAGE FORCE  
OF NATURE...

GRAAK







R. CRUMB '65



# The Pressure's On

YOU'LL LIVE  
TO **EAT** EVERY  
**WORD**... **DAY** FOR  
EVERY **DEED**...



WHAT'D  
YOU DO  
TODAY?

OH  
WE WENT  
AROUND AND  
LOOKED AT  
DOORS ALL  
DAY...

YOU'LL  
NEVER  
GET OUT  
OF THIS  
WORLD  
ALIVE!

BUBBLE  
GUN



On...

OW! AND HERE  
I THOUGHT IT WAS  
SAFE IF TAKEN  
AS DIRECTED!!

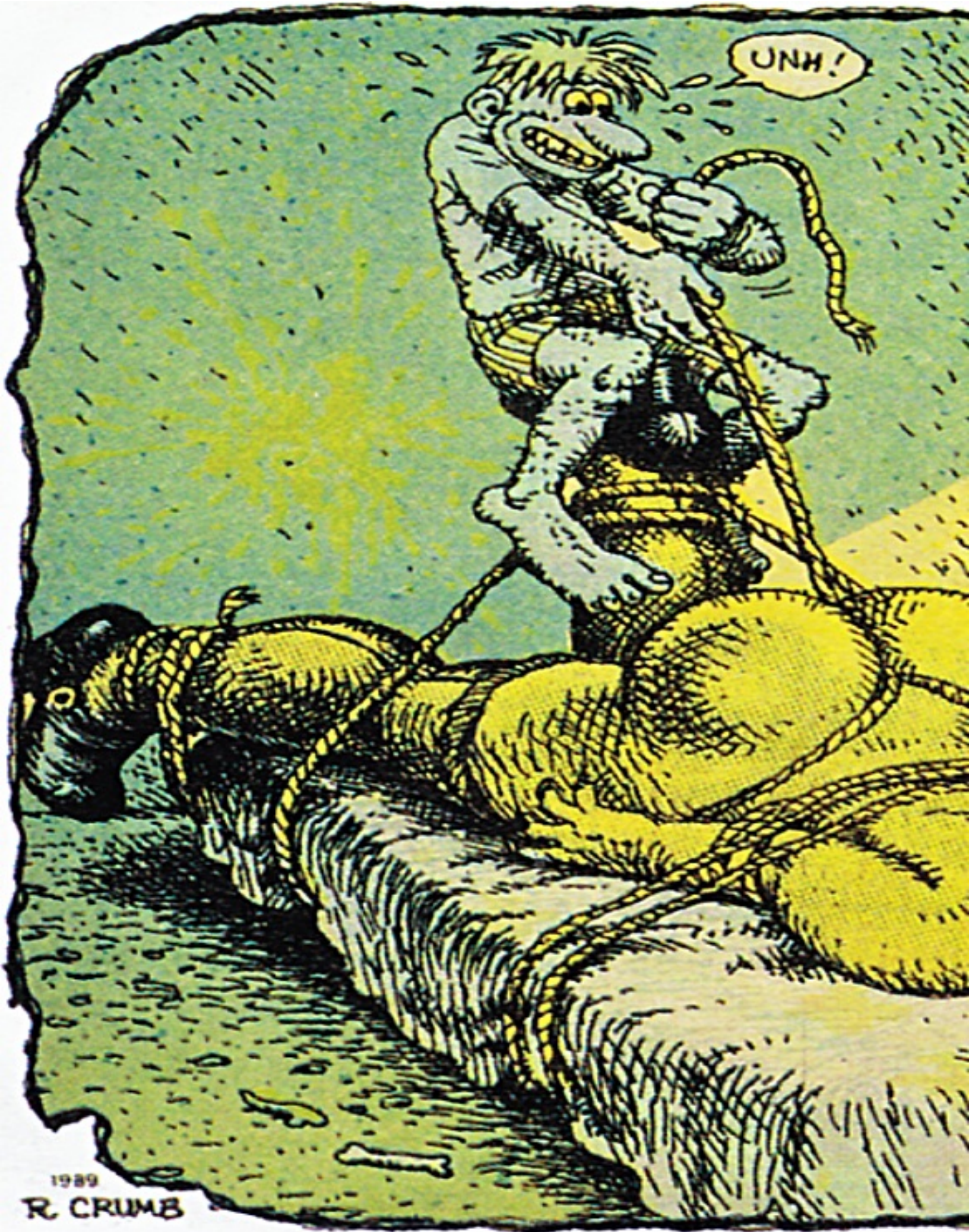
AW  
JEEZ!

HE'S ABOUT  
READY FOR  
THE BASKET...  
HEH HEH

LONG LIVE  
SURREALISM!

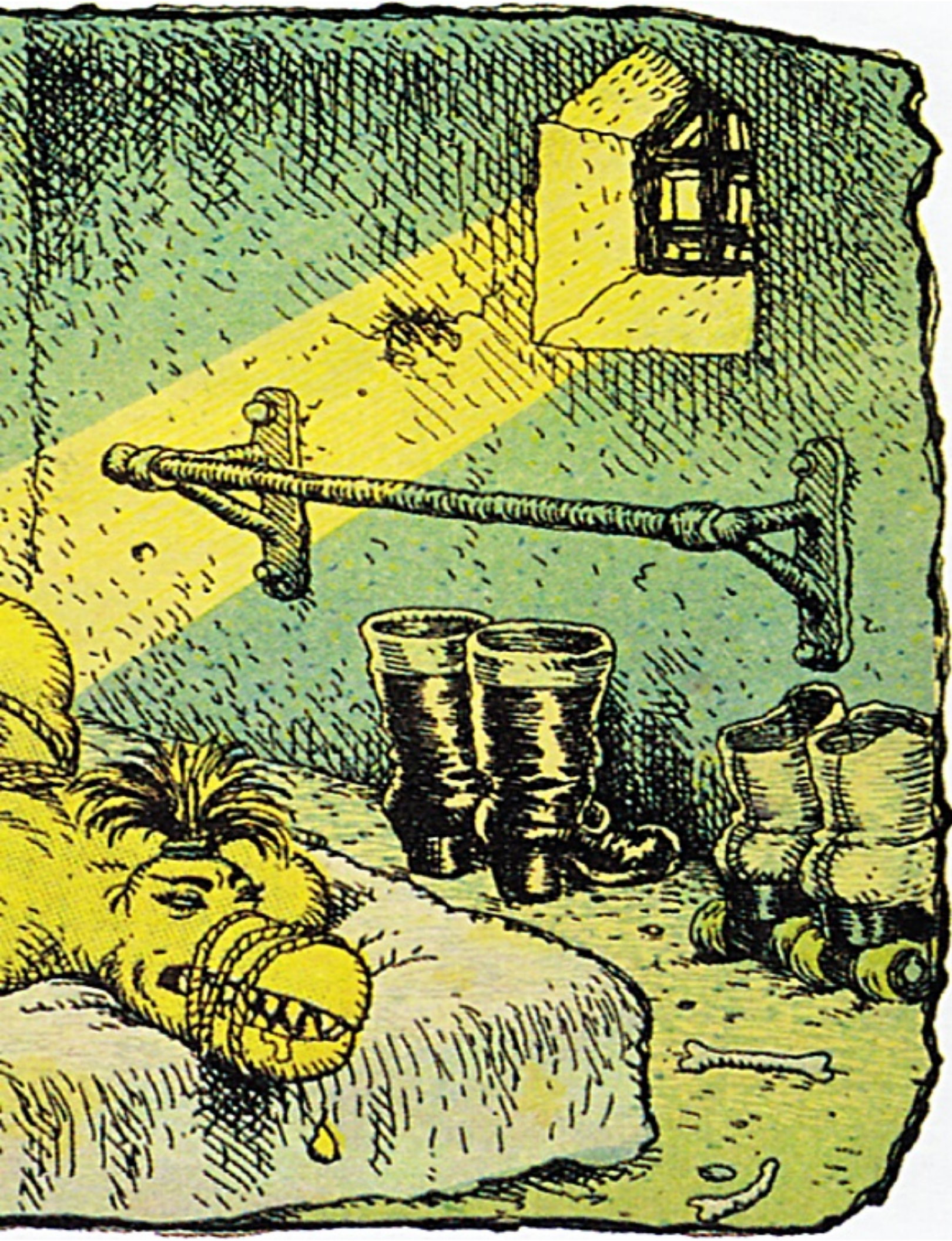
DON'T  
GET  
NERVOUS!  
DON'T  
GET  
UPSET!





UNH!



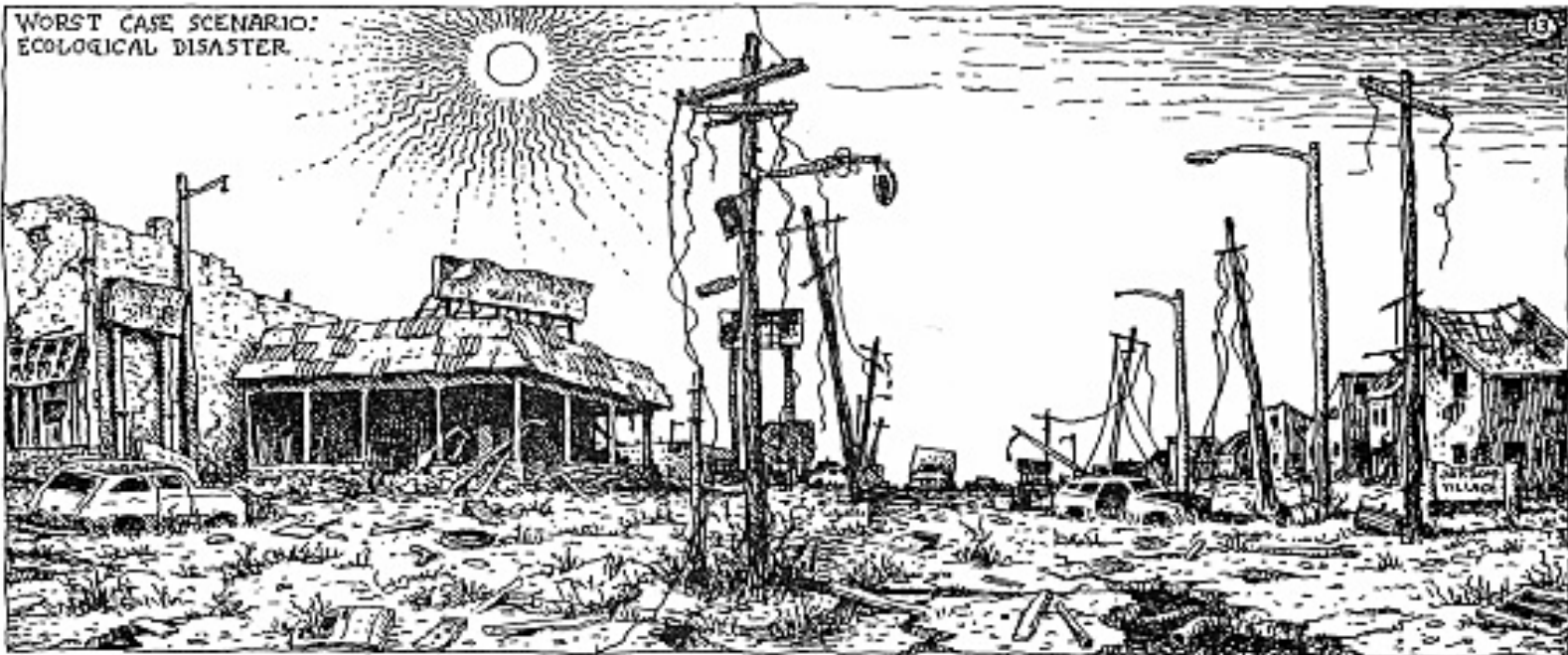




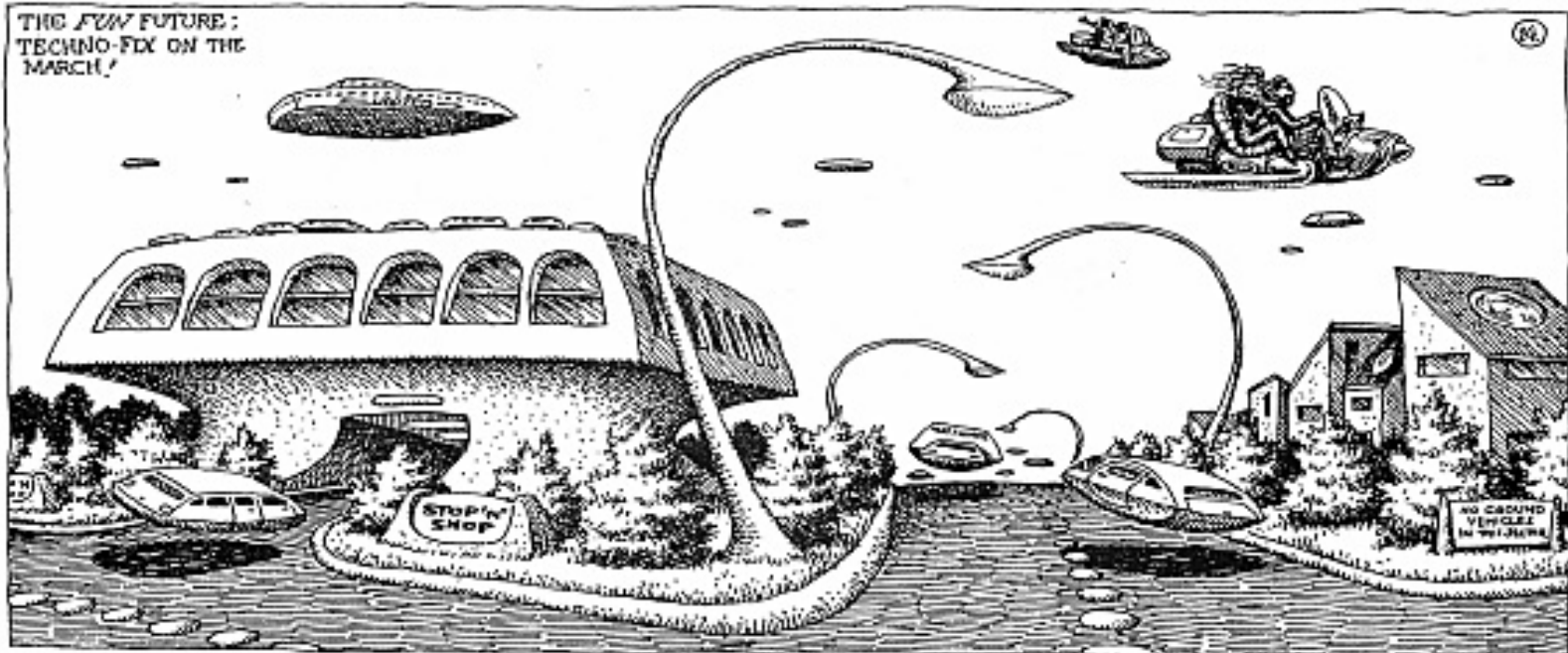




**FEN**



④

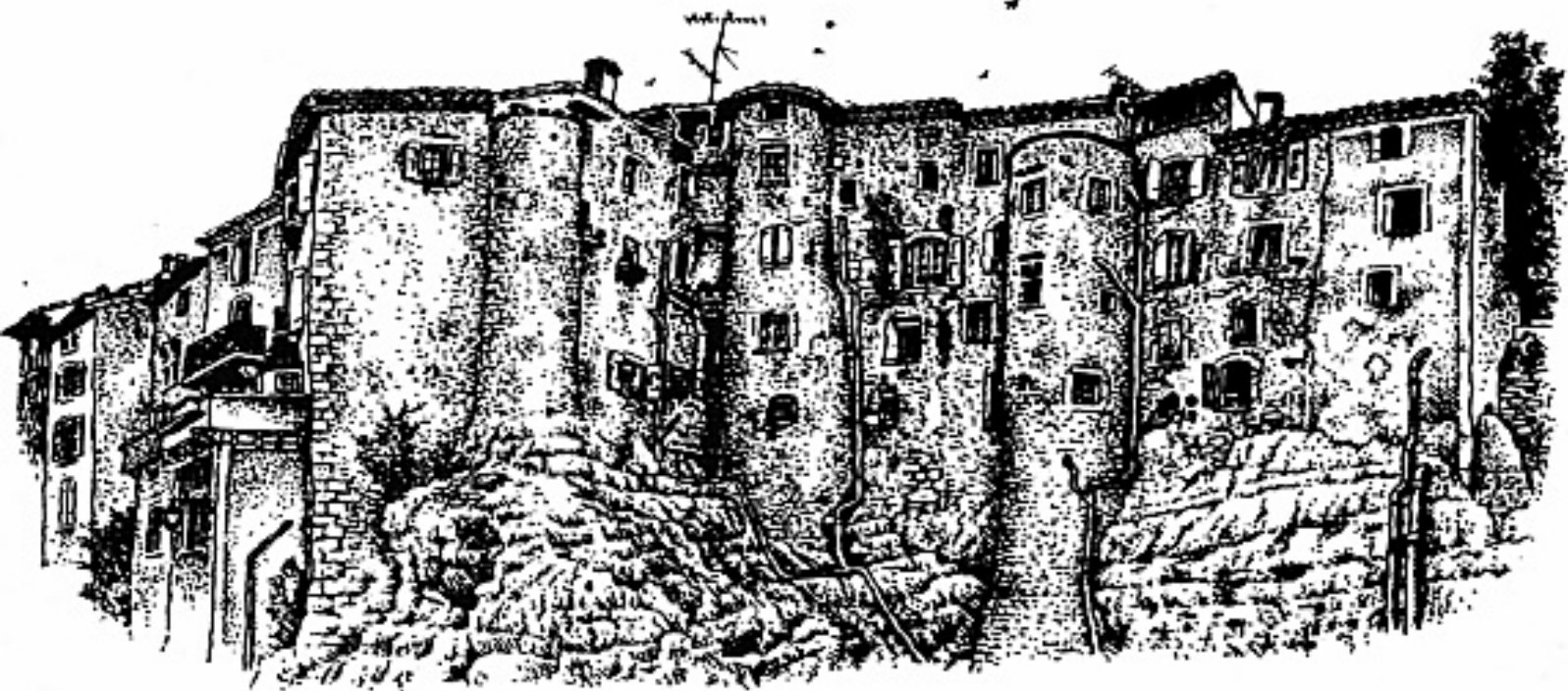


15

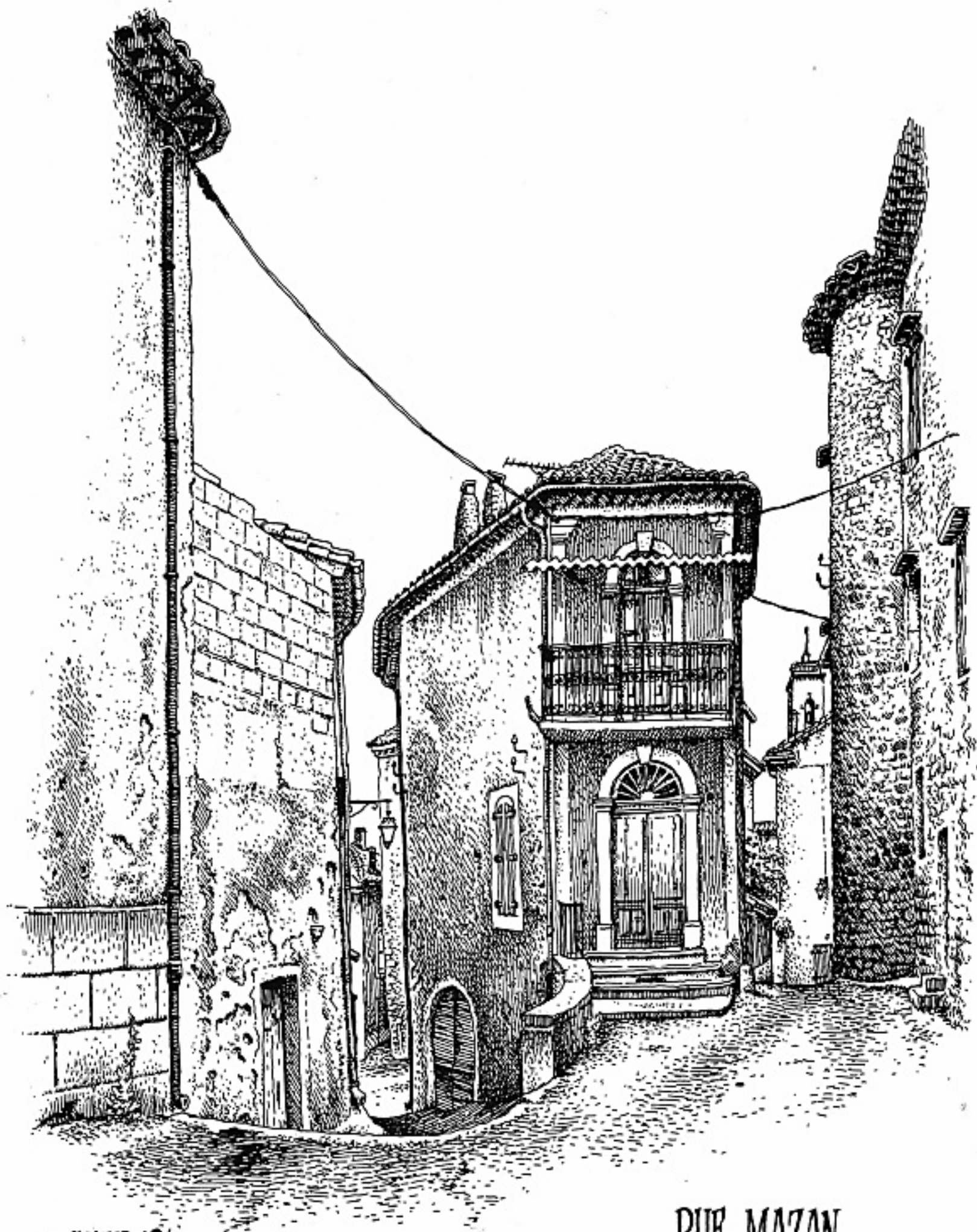




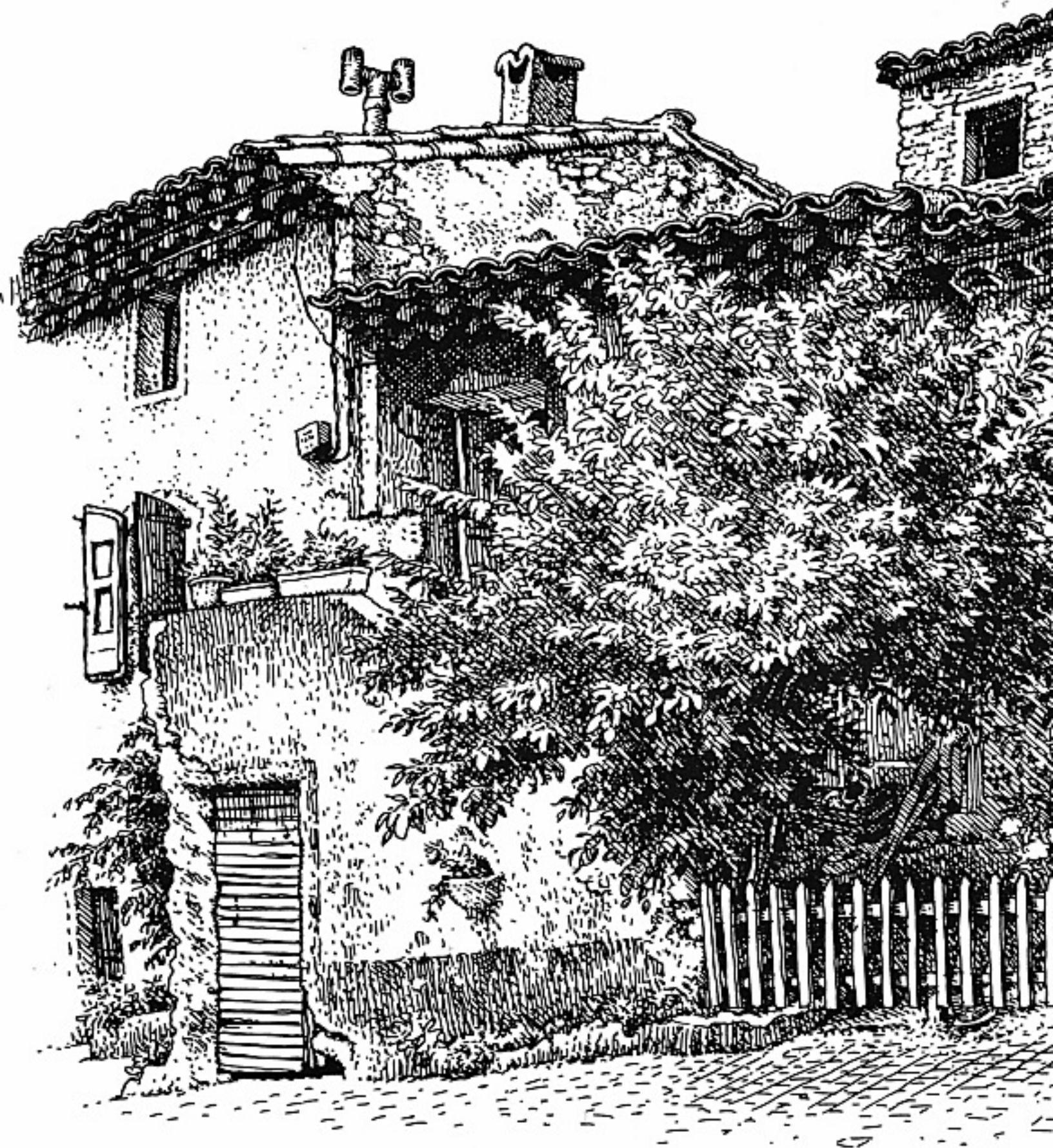
# Vues de SAUVE











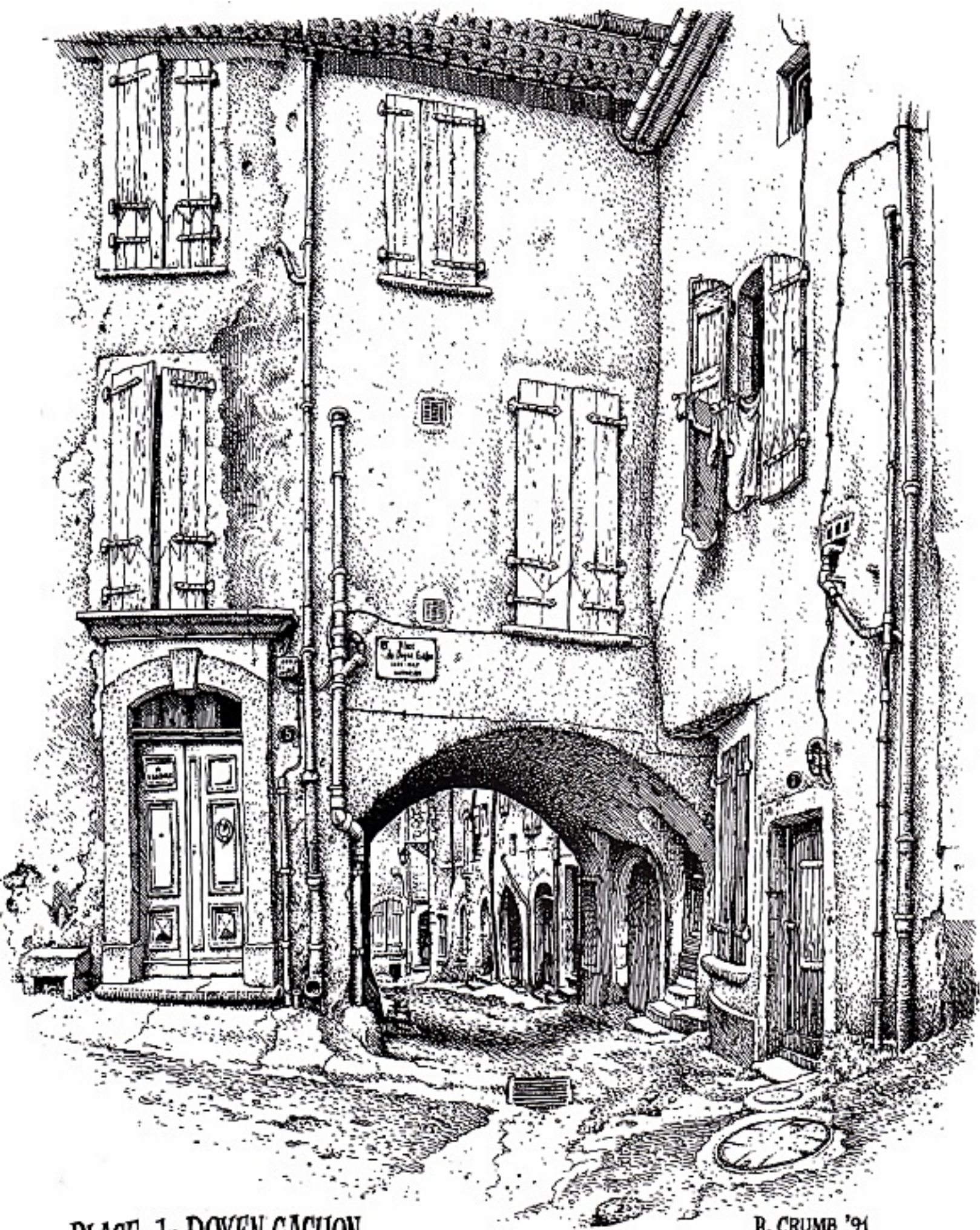
RUE du TERRAIL ~ HAUT





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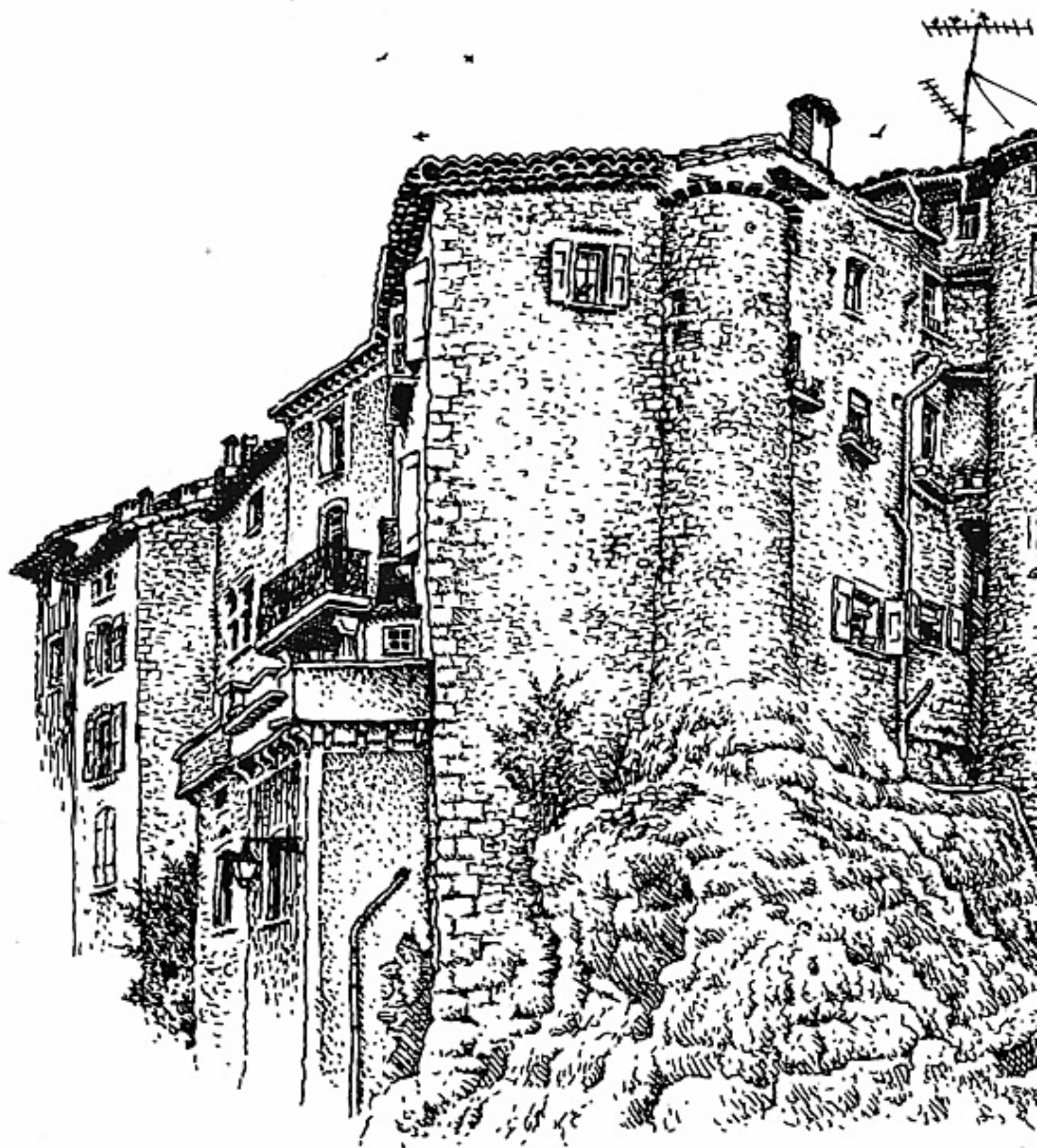




PLACE du DOYEN GACHON

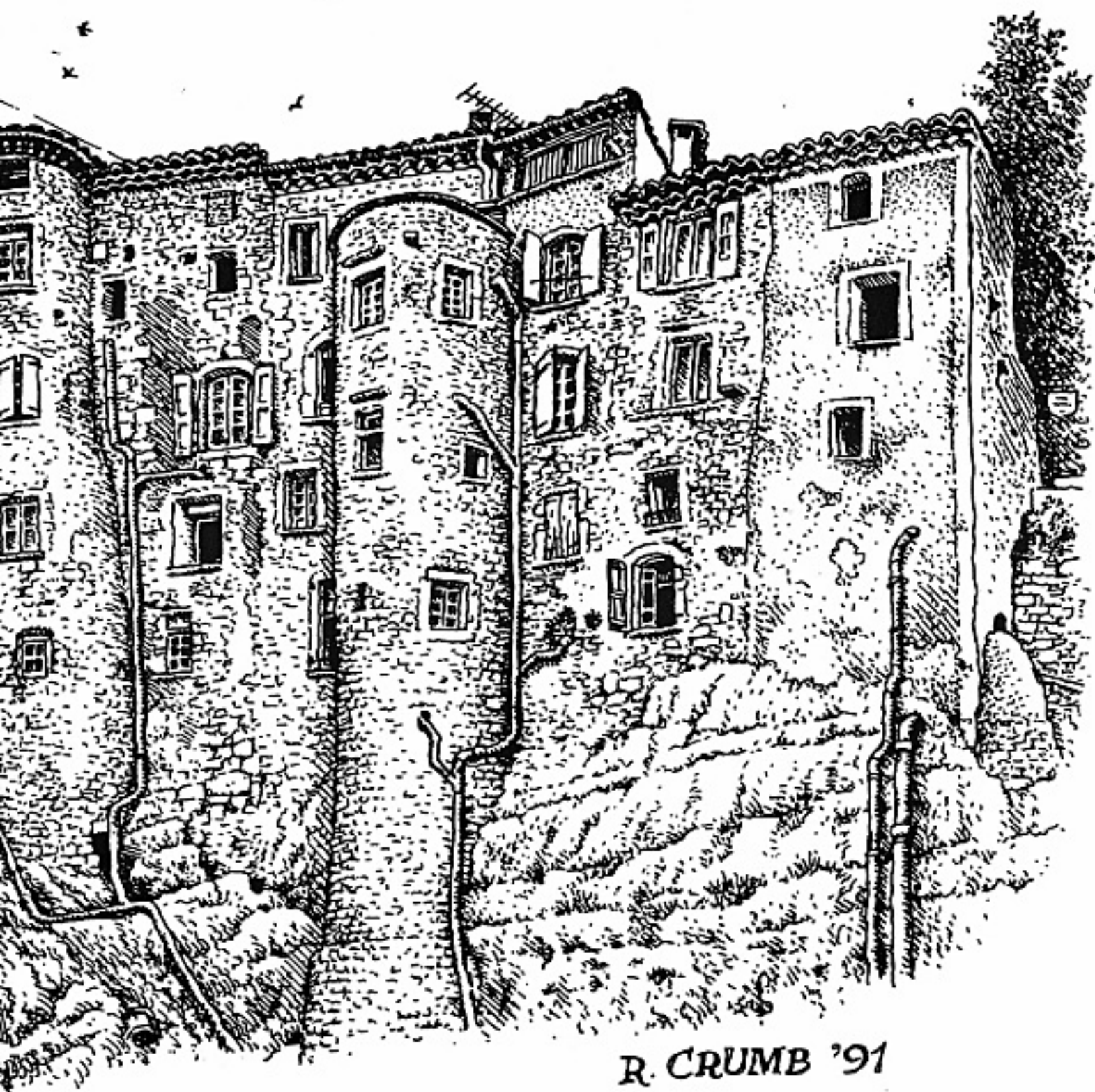
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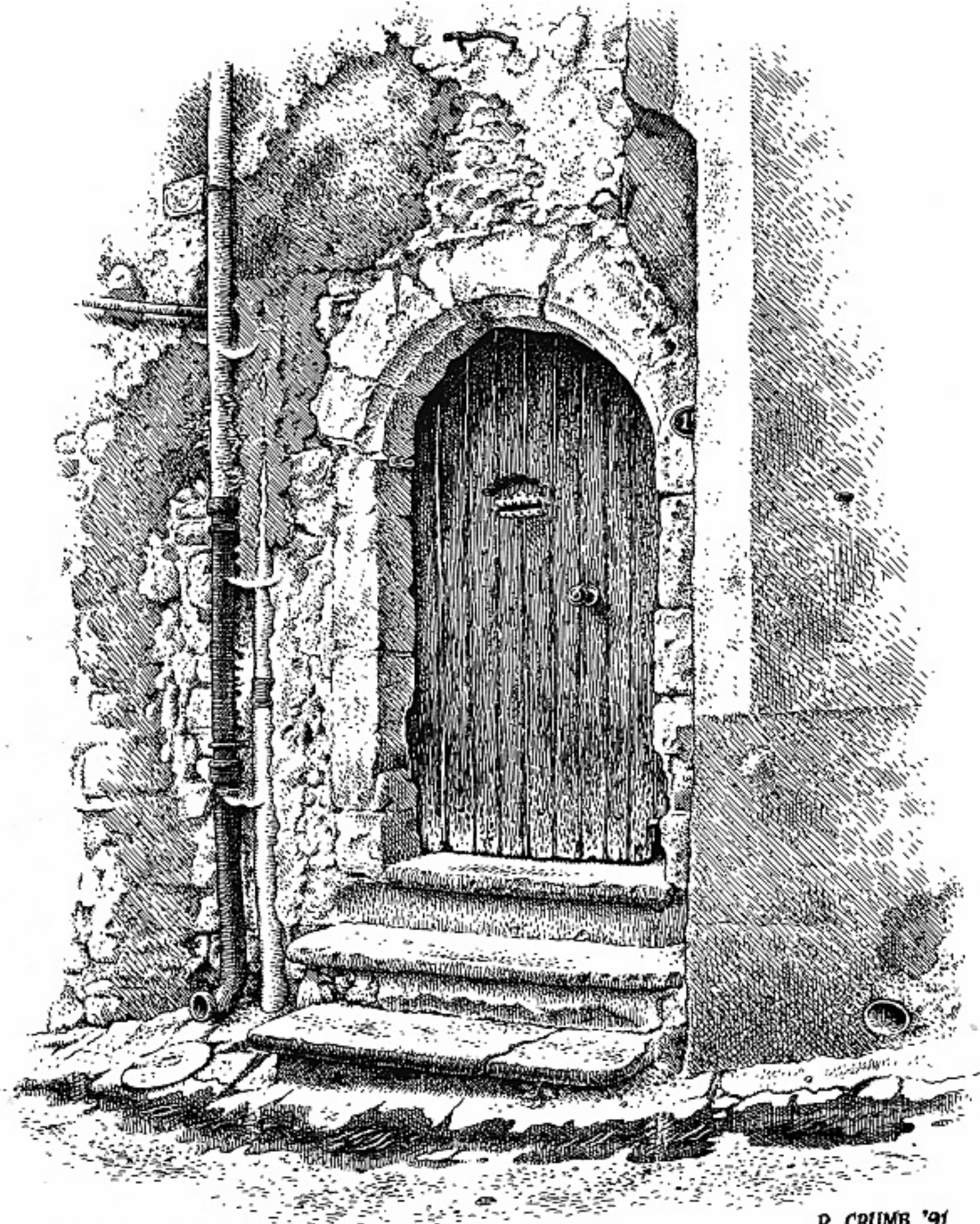
LE FRONT DE SAUVE





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*RUE LORETTE*





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**LE CHEMIN DE BAGARD**